THE

CHILD OF THE KINGDOM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE WAY HOME."

FOURTH THOUSAND.

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(Child)
ZIR

THY SLEEP SHALL BE SWEET.

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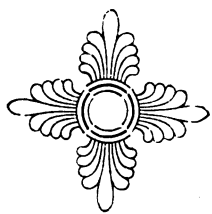

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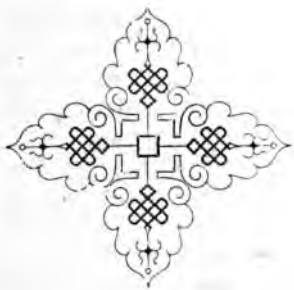


The Child of the Kingdom.

I.

The King.

THE KING! THE KING! THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY! With these words a young believer came back to life out of a faint, which was one of the last waves to cast her on the shore of heaven. She had looked by faith into the King's face that day. Can notes more sweet come from her harp, now that she sounds it on the sea of glass, while the train of His seen glory passeth by? It was not new to her to seek Jesus; she had done it long, and served him, though in doubt and fear. But it was just before she went forth to meet him that she saw his face so bright and clear.

Those who go and see much of the great work God is now doing around us find that souls, old and young, get often as full a view, by faith, all at once, as that young saint got at last. How sweet to be startled from the sleep of death by a sight of the Son of man in his beauty! Or only to have time to say, "I lie here lost in my grave of sin; I ought to go down to hell; who shall save me?"—and then to be called by the voice of the Son of God, to arise, and to be raised up by his mighty hand!

The King had no home when he was here. When the fox hid in its hole, and the bird flew to its nest, and rich Simon went to his guests, and every man to his own house, Jesus went to the Mount of Olives. Had you seen him there, you would have known how poor he was for your sake—a weary man gone to spend a night in prayer while the city slept, his coat moist with dew. But if you had seen into his heart, and how it went back, past *Galilee*, and *Nazareth*, and *Bethlehem*, to the glory he had before the world was,—had you heard the tone in which he said "FATHER" to Him who filled the sky with worlds, you would have said with Paul, *He was rich;* you would have cried, Who is *this* King of glory? And if your eyes had been

opened as Elisha's servant's were, the Mount of Olives would often have been seen full of horses and chariots of fire.

And Jesus was on his way to a throne again. A few months more, and he was to go up in a bright cloud, and two men in white were to tell that he was gone to heaven. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

> "All hail the power of Jesus' name!
> Let angels prostrate fall;
> Bring forth the royal diadem,
> And crown him LORD OF ALL."

Songs like these were soon to be sung for Him who now wept, and bore the scorn of men.

Poor and sad he seems; he waits to feed the crowd till a lad brings him a few loaves and fishes; he waits to pay the penny till Peter fetch it from the sea; he will not quench his own thirst till a woman please to draw him water. And yet words about an unseen kingdom fall on the ears of them who hear him.

He speaks of a table spread there; he tells what guests shall sit round it. Yet while he was here he had not where to lay his head; and when he would eat meat

with men, he came to visit them. What visits m
these have been! What a glad day it would be
the house of Zaccheus when the Lord was there!
crowd outside saying in false pride, that Jesus
gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner;
the Lord inside saying, in his love, "The Son of M
is come to seek and to save that which is lost."

A sight of Jesus, such as he could get from
tree by the wayside—a look in the passing crowd
print on his heart and carry to his grave—was
Zaccheus hoped for. What would he feel to see
crowd turned to his own door, and Jesus go in?

Jesus loved to be the guest of men, else he mi
always have bid them out to the desert, and fed th
in the green places, or among the rocks which his o
hands had made, under the sky to which he gave
shining blue. He used to do that long ago by ma
in the great desert. But now He would see his gr
take root where it must live and grow; he would
the home of Zaccheus with his presence, as well
his heart with his love. And so, in the life of e
CHILD OF THE KINGDOM; there comes an hour whe
is said in heaven that Jesus has gone to be guest
its young heart.

In the Highlands they tell that the Queen went one day into a poor cottage. The old woman did not at first know *who* was seated under her roof, and even when told, she did not say much of what she felt to see her Queen there. But when the Queen went, she set aside the chair on which she had sat, and said, "None shall ever sit on that seat again." It was a loyal word.

In a way as real as that, Jesus comes into the soul; and before he can be guest in the richest home, and with the best loved of the sons of men, he has to bring as much with him as when He comes to the poorest child, or to the vilest sinner's dwelling. From each He must take old thoughts, old ways, old words away, and to each bring the blood, the white robe, the eye-salve, the new heart, a throne for himself which none but He shall ever fill. Each learns the same prayers, and one song, "To him that loved us."

"I stand at *thy* door and knock," He says. That verse (Rev. iii. 20), was once given by a minister to a little child of four. Some days after, she was bid learn it, but she said, "I know it myself, *Who* knocketh at the door? We will open the door, and you will

come in to us, and sup with us." That was the response heard from inside the door.

Try to live as those in the house of Zaccheus would spend the day when Jesus was there. Try to live as if Jesus were always staying in the house. All you do *is* done before him; whether you will or no, he sees it; all is done beneath his frown or beneath his smile. You should not read a book, or sing a song, or have a friend with you, that you would have to cast quick away if Jesus were to come beside you.

Ah! how these rules make us feel about the past; do they not make us feel as if we must hide our faces from Him, and creep out of his sight to die for ever?

But then Jesus *gives no one leave to hide anywhere*, except in his own bosom.

Little boy, little girl, lay down your playthings. Hush! Listen; do not say you have heard it all before. That King spoke of *you* when he told about his kingdom. He said *you* might belong to it here on earth, and that it should be yours there above. As if He had put an arm of love round each child that lived in his day, and round every child that should hear of him to the end of time, and said, "This child

is mine, it belongs to me; of such is the kingdom of heaven." He says so *now of you.*

How can I serve so great a Lord? Cherub and seraph, angel and prophet, saved ones above and saints below, may do it, but how can I? Think on the night when he spoke to Samuel. If you will listen for his voice, he will let you hear it. He will say again and again, not now in your ear, but in your heart, that name of yours, and then he will say, "Fol low me." "I will come again, and receive you tc myself." And between the day He comes thus and takes your heart, and that day when he comes to lift you to his throne, he will give you work to do for his kingdom. A child may serve the King. Every one gets work to do from Jesus, and so shall you. "To every man his work."

What will Jesus give *me* to do? Just some little things to shew how much you love him. You will not need to give up either books or toys, your sister's play-time or your mother's love, to serve Jesus. You will do the very same things you do now, with a heart more glad. You will stop doing them to please yourself, you will begin to do them all to please him.

It was the worst reason the fierce Jews could give

to Pilate, why He should die, that the gentle Jesus had laid claim to be "Christ a King." Truly, the gifts of a king have come down to the Church from His hand ever since he was set as her Head on Zion. But in these years he is seen to reign in the sight of all men; it is as if we could hear him say, "The year of my redeemed is come." To how many a town and hamlet, and hill and plain, has He come near, and *most near* in the humble meeting for prayer. He has come anew to claim each heart for his own. He offers himself afresh to every man. Not this time by the mouth of his servants only. It is the Son of God who speaks. At each gate of palace and of hall, at the cottage and the school, his own hand seems to leave a missive of love, "The Master is come and calleth for THEE." That is the sweet message. If you have not heard it—hush! listen! he is speaking the same glad message to YOU even now.

It was ever true that Jesus "receiveth sinners and eateth with them," that he took in the vilest first and pressed the little ones closest to his bosom. It was ever true that a look, a tear would catch His eye and that one cry would bring him to your door. But in these last years of signal grace to Britain and the

world, the old TRUTH has been taken, warm and alive, from the old Bible, and made into a FACT. The tide of grace has risen all round our homes. It rises now. The wave is breast-high, ready to come into your heart and fill it with joy that none dreams of till Jesus draws nigh—ready to bear away every sin that lodges in your heart—to wash the plague-spot out, and leave instead a spring of living water to flow there for ever.

All kinds of men, the King has called to him. The sailor in the man of-war, the cabin-boy at sea, the collier in the mine, the fisher at his nets, the convict in the gaol, the fair child of rank and riches—all have come to His feet and been changed *on the spot*, being made brethren in the great and glad family of the saved. Not always can they tell what cord drew them, or what link bound them to their new-found Lord. For it is His own right hand, and his own arm made bare, that hath gotten Him this bright victory; and now it is the voice of a marching host that calls you to give up your heart, and to give in your name to Jesus,—

"Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Father's boundless praise,
Glorious in His works and ways

Shall this little book ever reach *your* home, dear little child, whose thin hand is not able for the hard work it must do, who get no thanks for doing it, who have to lay by the loaf in the cupboard for next meal when you would fain cut off a slice more now. My heart would leap to think that a tear of yours would sink into this page, and that your eye would first sparkle to read on it the name of JESUS. A Friend you have not seen yet, is hid in the garret or cellar where you pine away. Seek for Him and you *shall* find him. Seek Him on your knees. When you lie on your bed, *seek still.* When the sharp word and hard slap next comes down upon you, *seek still.* When the roar of ill words is round you in the street or alley, *seek still.* When the noise of loom or voices in your workshop turns your little head dizzy, *seek still.* In the room where they meet up the stair or court near you, to pray to God and sing his praise, *seek there;* when the chorus of the glad hymn rises, join it, and *seek on.* It may be just then you shall find Him, and then how loud your voice will ring—

"I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died FOR ME;
That on the cross he shed his blood,
From sin to set ME free.

At what time I know not, but it *shall* come, that *sight of Jesus*, the only thing worth living for in this dark world. *As he died* you shall see him : his back with the stripe-marks,—his brow torn with the thorns,—his hands and feet with the nails,—his side pierced with the spear, sending out blood and water to wash you white on the spot, from sin. *As he is now*, you shall see him ; with the crown his Father made for him in the black hour the sun hid its face—when God hid his face from *your* sin that lay on Jesus then—the crown God set on his head when he came forth to crown him King of Zion. And Jesus will speak to you when you thus see him. His arms are strong to carry you, his eye is love, and his mouth is most sweet to a child like you. Oh ! what kind words that mouth has spoken, what smiles have shone on it, what pardons it has given, what whispers it has let fall since first it said, "Come unto me." Put your hand in Christ's and say, Take me, King of glory, TAKE ME.

"JESUS ! THOU KING OF GLORY,
I SOON SHALL DWELL WITH THEE ;
I SOON SHALL SING THE STORY
OF THY GREAT LOVE TO ME."

II.

The Child's Robe.

ARE you going to be Christ's, dear young friend, and have you got from him a robe to wear? They all wear the white robe in his kingdom. The King put off his white robe of glory once for you. His robe was turned to red the day he died for sin. When John saw Him in his dream in Patmos, Jesus wore it still, a vesture dipped in blood before the throne of God: and the armies of heaven, clothed in fine, clean, white linen, all on white horses, went after HIM, the King of kings and Lord of lords

You have only got rags on in the sight of God if you have not come to Christ, rags black all over with spots of sin. Will you let Jesus take these rags off you to-day, and put on you his fair robe, white

ow? He says, "Come, and let us speak about
sins of yours; come, and I will wash them off
soul; come, and the scarlet shall turn snow-white,
he crimson shall be fair as wool." And now
you come up the steps to his throne, and see
ear you were to fall into the pit where all who
ot Christ's must go, when you fear to look up
face, or even on the shining ones that stand
him, what shall you hear him say? "Bring forth
est robe and put it on him." Not a robe like
Adam wore in Eden, not the robe these angels
that are to take your rags away; but *the best*
n all God's house, the royal robe of the kingdom,
t's own that he made for the lost to wear when
come home to their Father. There is one place
Bible where God tells how a soul gets on that
and gets the rags taken off, (Zech. iii). It was
there for the high priest of Israel, but it is all
-a high priest with the breastplate and the silver
—or a prodigal with the marks of the swine-trough
rags. When God is to cleanse a soul, it must be
ed naked, all things it wore torn off, and the
r plunged into the fountain of the house of David.
l you ever hear of the negro and his master who

were led, at one time, to seek the Saviour? The negro found Him soon, and as one day he sung of his love at his work among the cotton plants, his master came and said, "How is it you are come into the light at once, and I am still in the dark?" "Massa," the negro said, "if one come here, offer you and me a fine coat, Massa look at the coat and think *mine not so bad*, 'No thank you.' But when one come to me and offer that fine coat, me look at this in rags and say, *Thank you*, and put it on. Jesus come to Massa and offer the white robe he made, but Massa not think he need it, Massa not so very wicked. Jesus offer it to me, me very wicked, me put it on, and that made me sing." The planter found the Saviour and blessed his poor negro.

Let Jesus bathe you *just now* in his blood. None but he can dip you in. One plunge there and how white we are, for no spot can be seen. He is doing it every hour for some little lost one in this happy day of ours. They come fast to him now. They come filthy and they go out clean. Will you let the poor bare-foot boy off the streets, and the girl who begs from door to door, get in before you? Hark! how, one by one, they go and plunge, and get lies,

thefts, and oaths, washed off all at once, and come out so clean to sing with all the rest—

> "There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood
> Lose all their guilty stains;"

and so they get the fair white robe put on which they shall wear for ever. *Put on Jesus*, said Paul. Do it, dear child, and be as white as Jesus all at once, as pure as Jesus, as lovely as Jesus is, in his Father's eye. A lady of rank once asked her little girl how she thought she was to be made just in God's sight through his Son. The child did love the Lord, and was soon going to be with him, but her mother wished to know if this truth was clear in her mind. "Mama," she said, "if I were to put one of your gowns on, and to lie down in it in your room, I wouldn't be seen; and if any of the servants were coming in, they would say, 'Oh! there's her ladyship.'" The child knew what it was to be *hid* in Jesus.

So dressed—the poorest shall sit among princes yet. The queen of Frederic II. was one day walking in the palace gardens, when she heard a girl's sweet voice from a shrubbery singing hymns. One she sung was:

"Jesus! thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress."

She spoke to her and found she was a happy child of God, who had come from Berlin on a visit to Shönhausen, where her uncle was gardener of the palace. Some weeks after the royal lady, who could not forget the child, sent for her to Berlin, and though the court was met for dinner, when her father brought her, the queen had her put on a chair from which she could see the splendour of silver, gold, and china, with the guests around it. When asked what she thought of it all, she looked quietly down on the beautiful dresses round her, and said nothing. But then folding her hands, she began to sing about the robe she felt was wrapped around her soul,—

"Jesus! thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Mid flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

This robe which Christ has given you will last in heaven. You will need no other to stand in at the great white throne, nor to sit down in at the glad supper of the Lamb. And when in long, long ages, any one shall meet you in the wide fields of glory,

and shall ask, "Who is this that is arrayed in white robes, and whence camest thou?" you will say, "I was once a poor lost child in the fallen world, and the King called me and I came to him, and he gave me this when I had only rags of sin to wear. It was all true that we sung about the white robe then;

"No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new."

And will it not *then* seem strange to think that ever you could have let a spot soil the robe that Jesus gave you? Ah! take care of this *now*. And yet spots will come. The sin that lies deep in your heart will break out, when you forget to watch and pray: black and large these spots may sometimes be. When your heart is like to break to see so vile a spot on a robe so white, Satan will be sure to say, "You DARE not go back to Jesus thus." For Satan was sorry when you and Jesus met, and he will do all he can to part you.

But do not think to wipe it off or wash it out with tears. Wait not a moment to look on the dark spot, or to think what you shall do next. *Straight to Jesus*, little one, go straight with it to Jesus. Tell it *all* to him. There is no sin so great in his sight as

the sin of staying away from him. All other sin His blood can wash out *in a moment*, but the sin of keeping away from him how *can* he wash? For it is his own kind hand that washes out sin-spots, and if you hide your face from him, how can the warm breath of his love get in to fill your heart once more? How can he lift you to his bosom and give you the kiss that forgives and says, "Thou still art mine?" If one child of the kingdom is often sad, and another can almost always sing for joy, I will tell you why. It is that the one looks long at the spots on the robe and dares not go to Jesus at once, and that the other goes, saying and singing,—

"JUST AS I AM, AND WAITING NOT
TO RID MY SOUL OF ONE DARK BLOT,
TO THEE, WHOSE BLOOD CAN CLEANSE EACH SPOT,
O LAMB OF GOD, I COME!"

III.

The Child's New Heart.

THOUGH you could get inside the door of heaven, and wear the robe, and hear the praise, and see the glory, if you had no new heart, you would soon cry, "Let me out of heaven." You would not need the King's lips to say, "Depart from me;" you could not bear the air they breathe in the city of the Lamb. For the place is holy, and no man can learn their song, but they who love to be like Jesus here.

Long, long ago, a little girl was taken to see an aged lady, who lived all alone. She was one of those who had walked much with Jesus. Even a child cannot be beside *them* without being put in mind of HIM.

So happy she seemed with her open Bible on a little

table near, and so quickly did the fine thread glide into the pretty knitting in her busy hand, that it was a real pleasure to the little girl just to look at her.

The ring, which hardly kept its place now on her thin white finger, told older people that she had seen changes, and walked in dark places through deep waters; but the child thought it must have been always peace and joy she had dwelt among.

"Will you say me a little hymn?" asked the kind old friend. And the child said this old one, which we shall copy here, as it shews so well how many strive and strive to get a new heart, and do not find it till they come first to wash in the blood of Christ.

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone
He whom I set my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till Him I view.

"The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

"This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppressed with unbelief and sin.

"The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late, I heard my Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul, I am the way.'

"Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

"Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, *Behold* the way to God!"

"Thank you, my little lamb; and now there are *three words* I'm going to give *you*. Every time you come back you will say them to me—'HOLINESS IS HAPPINESS.'"

Many a time the little girl did ask leave to go to see her, for the time spent in that house was always delightful. As she waited on the broad step till the hall door opened, she was whispering to herself *three words*.

Sometimes she had to sit quiet a long time, and listen to older people's talk; but she was sure her turn would come by and by; and still she would be repeating to herself the heavenly saying.

But a sore day came,—a day the child had little

looked for. She fancied that the seat by the bright fireside would always be filled.

Yet even when the black train of the hearse was out of sight, and the servants, in tears, saw they need no longer look after it, and that their work for a kind mistress was all done now, the child thought she could all but see these words written on the old escutcheon over the door—three glittering, shining words—

HOLINESS IS HAPPINESS.

HOLINESS IS HAPPINESS.

Next Sabbath, as she went to church, she heard the old people by the way saying that her kind friend was dead, and a great deal about her being buried; but in her own heart a voice said, "She lives, she lives;" and the fine bell-chime of the city church sang as plain as her ear could hear, *Holiness is happiness,—Holiness is happiness.*

The Child's Garden; or, a Stone in the Way.

Soon after that, she went to stay with friends wh had built a summer cottage on the top of a high hi where she saw great pains spent on a new garden, a where winding walks were cut on every side. The

in the midst of her own work and play, she got a lesson which she never could forget.

She must have a garden too, and she set to work. The sun was high, the day was getting hotter, and she was tired, tired. She almost wished she had not pled so hard for leave to make a garden of her own in that waste corner of ground where the grass walk ended, and the fir wood began.

It lay close by a pond for water-plants, and a rock-work for those that do not need much earth. Among the wild weeds that grew in it, there was one tall crimson foxglove, and a lilac orchis as sweet as musk. Those would do well among the flowers, she had thought; and then there were heath and ferns all the way back into the wood.

But it seemed now as if the hoe and rake were never to make way. When she began, it looked only like a few hours' work, and yet this was the third morning of her labour. Why? There was a great stone under the soil, and the tools struck upon it. Cover it up as she would with spadefuls of red earth, do her best to stick roots in the softer places, water it again and again, the bare ugly stone was always coming through; and the first shower shewed her that all her work was useless.

The gardener smiled when he was brought. But when he came again, with his iron pick, he did cruel work. No advice would he take from the little worker—no cry would he listen to. Down he struck, deep into the soil.

How the ground shook as the split rock gave way! How it heaved, as roots and earth were cast into the air. Her garden was spoiled for ever now, she thought.

Nor could she have dreamt, had she not stood by and seen it all, how well an old, kind hand works, and how quickly. He bid her help him to smooth all down again into the flat bed, and plant the roots, too, where they now could grow, and he said he would

bring her more plants—some all in flower—and come and see how she got on, as she tried to do what a child may, to watch and weed a little plot, to dress it and to keep it.

What does the Bible mean when it says, "I will take the stony heart out of your flesh?" It means that there is in your heart something that makes it as hard for you to be good, as that great stone in that little piece of ground made it hard to turn it into a garden where flowers would grow. Did *your* heart ever give you as much trouble as that?

Most people's hearts give them but little trouble. It takes them some trouble to keep the door of the lips, to keep the foot from evil; but the heart is a deep well within, hid out of sight. They do not care to look far down into it, if only it keeps quiet, and does not vex them much.

But some people's hearts give them a great deal of trouble. To *keep the heart* is so hard a thing to them, that every time they try it, they are driven to call in the help of the Hand that made all things. They find the heart so hard, that they have to take it often to Jesus, saying—

"Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break this heart of stone."

And the Lord Jesus is never at a loss for means and ways to do *all* he promises. He has a hammer to break the rock in pieces. There is love enough in his eye to do this. He only needs to look once on a young heart to win it to himself for ever.

He can so break up sin in the heart, as that it will never be so strong again. He can plant in it all the seeds of grace, and then send down the Spirit as the dew, to keep it ever green.

For a Little Boy on his Fourth Birthday.

"A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh."—EZEK. xxxvi. 26.

"I'm but a little child, mama;
How many sins have I?
Can I remember all my sins,
And count them, if I try?"

"When you can count the stars, my child,
And count the leaves that lie
All scattered o'er the autumn fields,
Beneath the autumn sky;

"When you can count how many hairs
Are waving round your head,
And tell how many grains of sand
Lie in the ocean's bed;

"When you can count the drops of dew
That greet the morning sun;
Then you may try to number, too,
The sins that you have done."

"But you have always loved me so,
And called me 'little dear;'
And sure I've not been *naughty* more
Than *ten times* in a year."

"I've trained thee as a garden plant,
And called thee 'little dear,'
And wept to see the fruit of sin
Ripe ten times in a year.

"But God looks on the *heart*, my child,
And reads the thoughts within;
And every thought that rises there,
Is foolishness and sin."

"Can God give me another heart,
And take the bad away,
That I may *never* naughty be,
But love him every day?"

"Yes, God can cleanse your sinful thoughts,
And all your heart renew;
And often *I* have prayed for this,
But you must ask it, too.'

"Lord, pity me, a little child,
And teach me how to pray;
And tho' I cannot *count* my sins,
Lord, take them all away!

"Renew my heart, and make me thine,
And keep me till I die;
For 'of my youth' thou art the Guide,
'My father!' I will cry."

M.

IV.

The Child's Cry.

GOD'S ear is open to the cry of the hungry lion, and of the black raven, and how much more to yours, a CHILD OF THE KINGDOM, who have begun to trust him, and to call him Abba, Father. From all corners of his kingdom is seen his throne of grace, high and lifted up; and there the golden vials lie in the High Priest's hand, full of the prayers that rise from little ones like you.

Go to Him at once, with all that grieves you; night and morning will not be enough, if you are to live near to God; your heart might grow hard by night under the sin that you have done. If any one has said a cross word to you, or if you have felt sad, look again to Jesus and say, "I cannot well tell

what is wrong with me, but my heart is sore, thou seest; heal me and make me happy." You will not use these very words; use your own words when you speak to your Father. You do not often sit and think what words you shall use to your mother. We heard once of a little girl who did so, but it was because her mama was so far a stranger to her. She had come from India when she was a baby, and not seen her since; and so when the carriage brought her mama to the door, she asked what she must say to her when she came in. But, oh! how *you* would look, as you fly into your mother's room to tell her all you want and cast your arms around her, if some one should stop you to tell you what to say.

Now it is just the same with your Father in heaven, with Jesus your best Friend, with the Spirit who makes you good; you can get no words so good as your own to tell HIM how hard your heart feels, how many your sins are, how his blood will wash them all out, how you long to see his face, how you would like all the world to see and love him too. Thank him for all the nice things he gives you, for all the pretty things you see; name over to him the places and the people you wish to see him bless.

Pray that his name may spread from sea to sea, over Africa, China, India, till the slave be free, and the idols fall, and Jesus be King all through the earth. And at your side your dear mother, who first taught you to come to Jesus, and made for you your first prayer,—she will be glad to hear you able now to use your own little words, she will bless her God that she has a praying child.

Here are the words—one who was beside her at the time could not forget them—with which a poor little Irish orphan first came to her Father in heaven, at the time when so many were turning to him in Ireland; "O Lord, have mercy on me, a poor sinner. Lord Jesus, come to my heart, come and soften it, for it is hard. O come and warm it, for it is cold as the snow, or as the ice that lieth on the mountains. O Lord, I am here at the foot of thy Cross, where none ever perished, humbling myself, a poor sinner, to thee. Oh may I never perish! Hear, O Lord, the cry of the orphan, for thou hast said, 'I will be a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow.' Thou didst have on a crown of thorns that I might wear a crown of glory. Oh, send down the Holy Ghost with the arrows to every person in this house. Lord, I am a

poor sinner; I have sinned against thee, but I will do so no more, if thou wilt but have mercy upon me. O Lord, teach me to sing,—

> 'He took me from a fearful pit,
> And from the miry clay.'

O Lord, thou art white and beautiful, thou hast on a glorious robe. Dress me with that robe, that I may appear spotless before the presence of thy glory at thy coming. If ever thou didst rend the heavens, O rend them now, and save me, a poor sinner, before I am lost! Open the windows of heaven, and receive me up to thyself before I go down to destruction. Lord, I have travelled so long in the broad road that I am tired of it now, and want to give it up. Oh lead me to the narrow path and to the strait gate that leadeth unto life. I have no father here, but a glorious Father in heaven."

Old people do not know all that is in a child's heart, and so they cannot so well make prayers for them. The Lord Jesus knows all that is in a child's heart; he does not love the prayer for *the words* that are in it, but for *the faith* that is in it. He loves the poorest prayer, with ten drops of faith in it, better than the finest prayer man ever spoke or wrote, with only one

drop of faith. He cares not for any mistakes if he sees you believe his word.

Have you heard of the little girl in the West, who took to church a big umbrella on the day of a July drought, when the farmers all went to ask for rain. "What are you taking *that* for to church on a day like this?" one asked her as she set out. "Oh!" she said, "I thought we were going to church to pray for rain." And while the service lasted, the dark clouds came, and the big drops fell, and she and the pastor, whom she took under shelter, were the only two who got home dry.

If you have heard of the work God is doing in the world just now—in saving many and turning their hearts to Him—you must have heard of prayer meetings. Perhaps you have been at them, perhaps you have seen some great meetings all for children. If you live too far off from such as these, or if the hours may be too late for you, yet you need not lose the sweetness of them for that. Have one in the nursery, or in the schoolroom,—in the parlour or in the cottage kitchen,—any place will do, outside or in, if it is the place your mother thinks best. Gather at least, two or three; Jesus says, Where two or three meet in his name,

THERE IS HE. You have little brothers or sisters, or big brothers or sisters, or nurse, or whoever lives with you. Seat yourselves, sing a hymn, read some verses, pray in turn, with your own words, to the Elder Brother, who is looking down on you, who is close by you—you will feel *how close* before that meeting ends. The dew will fall, each soul will feel more soft, more full of love, and rise up to serve Jesus better, and love each other more.

When we come near the spots, and pass on through the scenes where God is working, the mind will now and then fly back to the manger-bed, so strange, so mean, so poor, where lay the Royal Babe who now fills THE THRONE. In the rooms where silk curtains hang over soft carpets from the gilt cornice, some are sending up the cry of faith, and hiding their heads under a Saviour's open wing; but in how many places is it down the narrow lane, up the dark stair, and in the poor room, that the little ones seek and find him.

An English clergyman came upon such a meeting of children not long ago in Belfast. The car he hired could not carry him down to such a spot, but love led him on. Under a low archway, through a narrow passage, a child brought him into a small

court, then up by a broad, old, wooden, ladder-stair. "Oh sir! would you help me up, for I'm afraid," said a little girl on her way up. The "Meeting of the Wee Ones" was the name by which it went in the closes round. He found it was held in a loft, not very wide, but long,—the roof not being rain-tight, and the floor and walls out of repair. Two large holes let in fresh air as well as rain, so the place felt cool and healthy. From the sides six dip candles lighted it, and six more hung from a crossed stick in the centre. There, forty-eight children, with but one pair of shoes among them all, and about thirty parents, sang, prayed, and read God's holy word.

None but little ones took part in the simple service; but when they found that a kind pastor was among them, he was asked to speak to them, and close with prayer. "O Lord Jesus," said one of the children, "teach us Thy truth and purity, search all our thoughts, burn out our inmost sins against thee and each other; burn them out, O pure Jesus, but save us in the burning. Lord Jesus, have mercy on us, even on us *wee ones*, and help us, and bless thy word of truth. O Jesus, teach us all our sins, that we may know what thou

canst save us from. And this we beg, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

The same kind friend to little ones says he heard from the lips of one girl how soon the prayer of a companion had been heard on her behalf. "Lizzie and I were great friends; we lived next door, and often worked together. Lizzie went to a meeting, and ever after then she was not like what she used to be, but did not look happy, and I was glad I had not gone with her. She then became happy, she said; I thought I never saw her so happy before, and she told me it was all true about Jesus, for lovely Jesus had shewn her her sins, that he might take them all away, and she knew he would help her on now. One day she prayed with some of her friends, (I knelt too), that the Lord would open the eyes of the blind that they might see the precipice they were walking over before they were destroyed, and that his Holy Spirit would soften their hearts; and above all she prayed for me, for she said she loved me, and would love me more when I should love Jesus. Lizzie called me by my name, and called me *unbelieving Anne*, and I was angry she said it before others, (and these sweet girls looked at each other, and never shall I forget how

their faces beamed). I was angry, yet Lizzie said it so softly that I knew she meant it kindly, though I had much rather she hadn't said it. But as she prayed on I listened better, till I began to *feel*, and I thought Jesus was coming to save me; and the more I thought about it the more I saw my own sin. Again she bid me come to a meeting with her; I felt strange there, though not so afraid, but I just began to like it when they went to sing,

> 'Thy side an open fountain is,
> Where all may freely go,
> And drink the living streams of bliss,
> And wash them white as snow.'

But I could not stand the next verse,

> 'Ready thou art the blood to apply,
> And prove the record true;
> And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
> I suffered this for you.'

And then I fainted, and I knew nothing till I awoke in my bed. Oh! I felt my sins, for all my sins of all my life came rolling on me, till they got on my heart, and I felt as if it were all crushed away. But when it was very bad, I thought I saw Jesus, and he took hold of it and raised it all up off my heart. And oh! but I felt light then, for Jesus took it all away, and

carried it all out of my sight, and I saw no more of it, but only Jesus comforting me, and that was sweet, and I never felt so happy. And in the morning Lizzie came,—and wasn't I glad to see her?—and I told her all I felt, and *I thanked her*, and we prayed together; and *I* prayed that time, and lifted up my heart in thanks to Jesus." Notice, Anne's anger with Lizzie was *soon over;* Anne's thanks to Lizzie will last *for ever.*

But did not Jesus always answer prayer just as he does now? Oh yes! but just now it is *sooner done.* An arrow shot into a dark green thicket will often lie long hid, and be found after many days. But the archer might shoot right up to the blue sky over head, and on a calm day you would see the arrow lost first out of sight, but then coming down, down, back to where you stand, and falling at your feet. When a prayer is answered soon, it is as if that arrow had borne it on its wing, and brought back word that what you asked *was done.* And at times when we pray for a dear friend's soul, God can make us feel sure we are heard, and yet bid us wait a short time till we see it saved. Then we feel as if we had asked gold of a kind, rich father, and he had given us a

pound note or a note of promise; we fold the note in our breast, and wait his time, *sure of the gold.* But should any ask, "Did you get what you sought?" faith could say *Yes*, though our eyes had not seen all they shall yet see of God's power to save.

When messages had only begun to fly along the wires to distant places, it made one start to find an answer come so quickly. They can send a message faster than the wind that bears the storm upon its wings, to warn people to prepare for danger, and not to venture out to sea; but they cannot *send help* to the poor sailors who are caught by the tempest when far from land, and are trying in vain to reach the harbour. But the cry of a little child, fleeing from the wrath to come, brings help from heaven in a *moment.* Jesus comes walking upon the sea, and when he is *received* into the ship *immediately* it is at the land.

Happy CHILD OF THE KINGDOM! *We* stop, to count and question as to how far we may put faith in the word of our God;—while thy faith draws back the bolt, and clears the barrier, and flies upward in the track of a great promise, to ask a world as soon as it would ask a soul for Jesus.

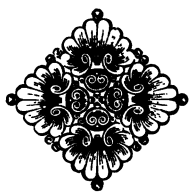
A little boy of five was overheard saying at evening prayer, "O God, bless my own self, and wash me in thy fountain, and bless every place round us. Bring lots of souls to thee, O Jesus, more and more to thee, hundreds to thee, thousands to thee. O Lord, take the world and put it in that fountain, and it will come out white as snow, and it will be thy lamb, and it will go in at the gate of heaven, and it will go in and out and find pasture. Open thy window and shower the blessing out; open thy door, O God, and the people will go in and find Christ and be saved."

The mother who hears words like these from the lips of a child, and then lays its head on its pillow, and leaves a kiss more on the dear forehead for the lesson she has got from its sweet lips, will be apt to ask, as she watches the placid face set in sleep, "Has He so soon made *thee* to be more of a mind with him than I am? Why does the doubt cross *my* vision that flits not over thine? Lord, give *me* too the faith that thus meets the vast promise—the faith that can leave all in Thy hands, and go to rest so sure that thou hast heard its cry."

Have you ever heard of Bengel? He was a German divine who wrote comments on the Bible. He was a man of God, strong in faith and great in prayer. After he became professor, a countryman, a former parishioner, took a longing to see him once more. Calling on Bengel, after evening worship he hid himself to watch the private devotions of one he so revered. Midnight passed, and still Bengel's lamp burned clear, and his pen moved, while turning ever to the open Bible he bent his head over the holy page. Far on in the time when others sleep, he dug still—for others' need—in the mine of heavenly gold.

At length he shut the book and rose. "At last I hear Bengel pray," thought the peasant; "what words they will be,—my long watch repaid!" But Bengel only turned his eye up to the Master's throne, and said, "O Lord Jesus Christ, things are between us as on the old score!" (Herr Jesu Christe, es steht mit uns wie beim alten) and lay down and slept. So Bengel prayed. Were his prayers always thus short? Nay, for these words speak of long nights of wrestling —sweet days of fellowship—a life breathed in the God-man. Yet do they not shew that the mighty

men of faith and prayer are little children still? It was the same Bengel who sat at study during a terrific hailstorm. One rushed in saying, "Alas, sir, we shall lose all, our crops and vines will perish!" Bengel went quietly to the window, opened it, lifted up his hands to heaven and said, "FATHER, RESTRAIN IT;" and the tempest abated from that moment.



V.

The Child's School.

SWEET child! how many voices call you, saying, Come into the school of Christ. From the fountain, come, —with the white robe, come,—with a cry on your lips to God in heaven, come! Welcomed by all the children, come! For there is no envy in this school, and here, each one gets the prize.

But as you enter, leave behind one thing which we are all very fond of—MY OWN WAY. Just as you had to leave all your sin in the fountain of His blood before you got on the white robe, so you must give up your own way when you take your place in the school of God. "My yoke is hard, and my burden heavy." That is the way the text sounds to those

who do not feel that their guilt was *all* laid on Christ or who will sit in his school, and try to keep even little of their own way. Some are years and year trying to do this, and never, never are they quit happy. For some Jesus does it *the first hour*, an they go singing on, joyful on to glory, feeling the are quite forgiven, and quite willing now to take th Shepherd's way.

Happy school where Jesus teaches and the Spiri lights the page, and the God of grace holds out th prize of glory. Happy child, who has come in a that door to wear his mark on your brow—his ow sealed one, to get all lessons from his gentle hand to go out no more till heaven's door opens, and yo are called and go in to dwell with the King for eve Here he will teach you by

HIS EYE.

All the year round that eye looks down here i love. Its glance is so felt, that you look up and sa "Thou God seest me;—the eyes of the Lord are i every place." And his own response is, "I will guid thee with mine eye." So you try to put away fro you all that His holy eye hates to see, and you dail

mourn for all you ever did to grieve it; and you pray in these beautiful words—

> "Fill my heart with thoughts of Jesus,
> And of heaven, where he has gone;
> And let nothing ever please us,
> He would grieve to look upon.'

"Be not like the horse or mule," he says, "that need a bit to make them stop, and a whip to make them go. Look up to ME, as you do in your mother's face, to see there what you may, and what you may not do." The more you look up thus in His face, the better you will know what the eye of love is saying.

The children of this great school have never all met yet,—only those who fill the same small corner see each other now. But HIS eye goes up and down among them all, like his own sun that shines on each all round the world; and they all hear

HIS VOICE.

In all the tongues of the wide earth they praise him. Each land, and shore, and island has its children in the school of Christ. The Hindoo child from his broken gods of wood and gold—the Esquimaux from his ice-hut—the little slave from his work among

the sugar canes—the Chinese from the rice fields—the Vaudois from his hymn beneath the vines—and the Irish cabin child from saints and idol images now cast away;—to this school they come to hear from the Bible page, as well as in their own young hearts, THE VOICE of Jesus. It was heard in Eden in the cool of the day,—it woke Samuel from his sleep by the temple vail,—it came back to earth again to say, *Suffer the little children to come unto me.* It speaks still,—it speaks here; and if we would obey and be wise, it would never change its tones from these—*I have loved thee; Lovest thou me?* Does not your glad heart sing,

> "I love Jesus, hallelujah!
> I love Jesus, yes, I do;
> I love Jesus; he's my Saviour:
> Jesus smiles, and loves me too."

In this school He also teaches by

HIS ROD.

Gently it comes down. Seldom it comes down. *Surely* it does come down, if need be; and he hi that rod in all the little things that vex you from to day. Do not fret, and say, "Such an one

hurt me." Do not be angry, and say, "Such an one has vexed me, and I didn't deserve it." Say, "It is the rod of Jesus. Let me learn to keep his paths,—to do his will. I must walk close to him."

The rod will often bring out to view some of the sin that is in your old heart. "I've only got a little bit of new heart, and a big bit of old heart," said a little child. "Me been Christ's naughty little lamb to-day,"—as she hung and shook her little head in sorrow, when it was time to go to bed, and she was going to own her sin to Him. A great truth in these seven words! *Naughty*, and so he has to use his rod; *Christ's*, and so he loves me still the same. Here is a true story, that shews how the sin we did not know was in us comes to light by the rod. We shall call it

The Dux Prize.

Annie and Cecilia were very often next each other at the top of a large class. Annie was six and a half, and her friend a little older. The session was two-thirds over, and Annie quite sure of the first prize. Yet long after she was told she knew her lesson for next day, she would sit alone, and go over it again

and again. It was with far too much joy she used to take down a small gilt box, made like a book, from the high shelf in the press, and lay in the square *dux* ticket beside the rest.

Illness came. The doctor feared Annie could not live. She lay not far from the gates of death, and spoke there of heaven and Christ the way. The doctor thought of one cure more to be tried. Her kind nurse brought it in haste. The child got slowly well, yet it was some months till she was out again. One July morning the master sent for her tickets, as he was counting for the prizes. When they were taken, she said nothing. No one knew that her heart was sore, sore. Her friend was sure to get the first prize now. Even her spared life was a small thing to her because of the lost prize. Why do little ones not tell out all that vexes them? Tell some kind friend about it,—tell Jesus; and how light the thing that vexes us will turn! Bear it alone; let it press in on the heart; and even at seven years, how heavy!

When the prize-day came, Annie was still a prisoner, yet she could have thought she too was there, seeing it all. So often she had looked forward to this day:—the whole school in dress, seated in

long lines;—the parents behind;—the magistrates in the high-backed chairs; and her own name called.

A pretty green book was left at Annie's door that night, sent with the kind master's love; but when she read on it *Second Prize*, she only cried. She went to the sea-side; and next morning word came from Cecilia's mama (whom Annie had not till then known), that the children were going to have fruit in a garden:—would Annie come? Her nurse took her, but it was too much for the envy and grief that had got lodged in her heart. She walked straight past Cecilia in the garden, and home again.

And long after she had seen and been sorry for that sin of the heart, she could not forget it. When she grew up, it was as fresh as ever in her mind, that once she had kept so cold a spot in her heart to a kind little friend. She never was in that garden but the once, yet she could always see the bit of gravel walk, the boxwood border, and the green gooseberry bush, where she found and passed Cecilia.

But when the rod falls it also brings out love.

Two other little girls, Susy and Mary, went daily to a school, where care was taken to have among

young children a plan of prizes which could not t
stir up the envy of the heart; and where little c
dren were taught to love and shew their love to e
other in all the ways they could. Each girl who
her lessons well got a ticket—all might feel
duxes there. Susy was taken from school in illn
and there was nothing the others had they would
have given up to her. They heard that her
little throat was so very sore, that she could not
got to take what she needed to make her well.
small thing will please a child, if one can only hit
little fancy. The scale was all turned in Susy's s
room, from mourning and rebelling about blisters
doses, into quiet fun, by the arrival of so odd a vis
as a stuffed squirrel, the most precious thing M
had at the time to give. The squirrel brought
him two collars, one of which he was always
wear at the foot of the little bed, as he looked
between the curtains with his sharp black eyes.

The one collar was very ugly, made of coarse tw
and great knots, and it was to go on each time S
gave a sign of being about to rebel at anything
kind doctors had bid be done. The other was
crimson ribbon with silver buttons hanging from

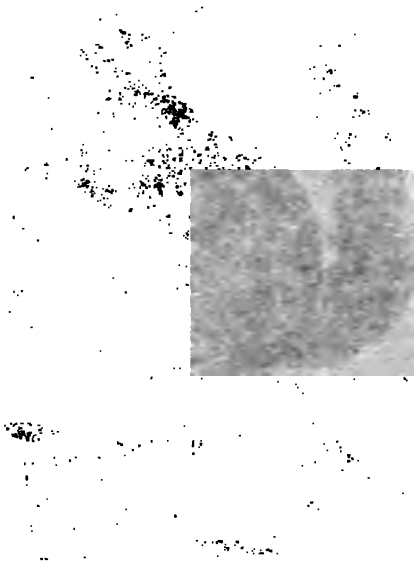
ends; and this was put on each time a new trial of the little patient came on, and she had done all she was bid. We have seen the good collar (for such squirrels have been set to watch at more bedsides than Susy's, and always were welcome guests) made of skeins of floss silk, red or green.

All who came in were sure to take notice of master squirrel, and to hear how good the dear child had been. Once when the doctor came in to burn her throat, he put on the ugly twine collar, for he knew she could not bear the pain of that, but it was only on one other time besides.

An owl, or a pigeon, would have done just as well as a squirrel, only he did look so funny with the phial let down by a string at his forepaws, the same little paws which he had once used in an evil hour for him, to pull fruit which was not his own. When little Mary heard how fond Susy was of the said squirrel, she wrote for her this little story, the ink of which was scarce dry, when it was found that the same sad sore throat had come to her too, and that for her also a squirrel must be got ready; and then she found the sweetness of getting back from her little friend Susy, as much kindness as she had shewn to her.

How the pretty Squirrel came to be shot.

"THREE squirrels lived in trees, near the garden-v
and saw from the trees beds of late strawberries. '
red berries looked nicer among the green leaves t
the hard beech-nuts they were used to, or the ac
they were eating on the trees. They jumped d
off the trees, and one by one climbed up the wall,
over the white wire fence, and down the other sid
past the plot of heather, and over the green grass
the little walk, and in among the strawberries.
body had seen all this, but we wondered why
never could get a ripe strawberry. So one day
hid behind the garden-gate, and we saw a squi
come and take a strawberry, and sit on the grass,
hold it so funnily in its two feet, and eat it. S
spoke of shooting them, but we were too kind-hear
We did not like, just for the sake of strawberrie
dinner, to kill them, they were so pretty. But w
Sunday came, and the men were all at church,
squirrels held a holiday. Surely they must h
brought their friends from the woods, for by Mon
both the red and green were eaten. Not one alo




Who'll keep the phial
"I said the Squirrel
With my bushy tail
I'll keep the phial".

was left. A gun came on Tuesday, and shot three of them."

Now, it would often be wrong for your own sake, or for that of a sick little friend, that you should go and see him; but you can find out some plan to amuse him, if you try. The first words the Master met you with, as you came into his school, were—"Love one another." The last will be the same, and every day between—the old lesson in a new form—"Love one another." It is a *mournful* thing when a CHILD OF THE KINGDOM is not found so kind, so sweet, so gentle, as a child of the world can be! And yet there are big people, and children too, who could step out to the martyr's pile, and burn for Christ's name,—who in small things are not so pliant, so generous, so loving in their tones, as many who know not the Saviour. Why is this?

Many a sweet, bright hour the child that *is sure it loves* Him spends in this school. Many a song it sings about the Shepherd's love in the green pastures that lie all round. Those who come late in life to the Saviour lose a great deal of what is to be got from him; and this is why we so long to get *your* foot—

little one, still outside—turned in here, and to win your heart for Jesus. Before you are big enough to read the world's books, or sing its songs, we long to lay a snare of love for you,—we long to make you feel that there is no joy to be found like what comes from the tasted love of the good Shepherd.

These pastures where the CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM dwell are wide and broad, but they are closed in. There is the King's law for all, and there are rules laid down for the life of each of his little flock. It is for those who have them in charge, to mark where the fence is put up by the Shepherd's hand, to keep them from the world that lies in sin, ruled by Satan. To the grounds that belong to him you dare not wander out. You cannot be safe where Satan's people make the crowd; and few of God's servants are ever seen there. You would not feel so happy to sit down again under Christ's eye, if you had been to the ball, or the race-course, or the play; for, when you went there, you had to let go the Shepherd's hand till you came back again; and traps and snares were everywhere very near your feet, if you were not caught. God's eye does not guide you there. Christ's hand keeps not there,—his voice speaks not there,—his rod *often falls* there, on his child.

The rooms of a fine London house were lighted for a ball. The band had come to play,—the silver shone,—the tapers blazed,—the flowers smelt sweet, and the fruit looked nice, with many other things that the young love to see. The guests had not come; and a lovely child stood, in its rich ball dress, by its mama, when a friend came in for a few minutes. "There's time for a hymn, Emma; say that last one to Miss ——." It was a sweet hymn, but the place made it sound strange; and Miss ——'s heart felt as if it got a chill, as the little girl, with her whole heart, said—

"HE'S COMING, COMING, COMING THERE,
WHO WORE THE THORNY CROWN;"

for she seemed to see that mother press one thorn more into the brow that bled for sin, when she could lead one of his little lambs off Christ's ground, and over his fence to a gay scene like that, where the spirit of a world that hates him reigns. In a few months that mother's teaching was ended;—black hung the walls of the same saloon. She had passed away in her pride and beauty, and poor little Emma was left alone.

But the view is boundless from this closed-in spot, where the CHILD OF THE KINGDOM dwells. It reaches far out on all the works His hand hath made,—and up into the skies his fingers framed; it stretches far away among the things to come,—along the narrow path, through fields of green, across the flood, to the hills of the land of promise. Sweet is the perfume of the flowers of Christ's garden that comes wafted in to cheer his children over the lessons that are hard sometimes to learn. What songs they overhear when the breeze floats this way the chimes of the worship that ceases not, around the Lamb on high! They long to see it all with their own eyes, and almost sadly will some one say—as one after another goes from the school to join it,—"What must it be to be there?" And then a brother or a sister whispers back, "Did you forget, Jesus is also *here?* I saw his face—I heard his voice to-day. His eye is on us now. Yes; Jesus is *here*, as well as *there.*"

They get problems to work in this school;—some that each must think out for himself; and some in which they can help each other. Some dark questions they can find no answer for. "What shall it profit me,

if I gain the whole world, and lose my own soul?"—"If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" "If these fair branchse of Christ the green and goodly apple tree, dried up, struck by the fire of God—what should be done in me, the poor, dry, withered branch, if I were cast away into the fire?" "If the righteous scarcely be saved—if I, hid in Christ, be just saved,—where shall the dear, ungodly friend, or brother, or mother appear?"

All the hard knots are cut by *faith* in this school of Christ. They don't argue here; they don't reason. *Why*, is a word they left behind as they came in. And so the Master will, now and then, bring the older people in among the children, and say, "Learn here: be thou a child again, and hear all I tell thee, and look on all my work and ways, as they do, *believing at my word.*" And is it not the Gideon test going round God's army in our days, "Who will be as a little child for Jesus?" Who will lay the cumbrous armour down, and take the sling and stone? For in these days, the spear of the men of war is out of use, and the word is—

LOOK AND LIVE.

And high work and great words must be let alone by all who will have God's seal put on them. They must take a plain, new hook down into the harvest-field,—in among the low and lowly band who come home at night, each with a sheaf for Jesus.

All God's people love to teach in this school. "Feed my lambs, the Lord said, when he left the CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM on earth, without a shepherd. Some of them would miss Him sorely, and miss Him long, when the kindest hand that had ever blest them could no more be touched,—when a look of His deep love no more owned the lisped hosanna. "Feed my lambs," is His word still. Days of fiery trial are to come; the wolf will howl at the gates of the fold; the sheep will scatter; the little ones may not be cared for, "Feed my lambs." And so, each time a day of power awakes the Church, and shakes the world, —each time a vial of oil is poured upon the saints anew, and fire falls down from the censer on high to burn in human hearts,—the cry is heard on all sides, "Feed the lambs;" and by new paths, new voices go forth to call the children home. Then the little ones who lay in the mire of the pit, for whom no man

cared, are lifted thence, and come in bands to the school of Christ, to be trained and made ready to sit with princes on the throne of glory.

Feed His lambs with joy in days like these, young shepherd! Yet trust not to thine eye or arm to watch and keep them. Cast that care on Christ, and rest thou in his love, and get thy soul steeped therein. Train the flowers, earnest workman, set the vines; yet carry the key to His door, night by night, who owns them, since He watches all night long. His flowers grow while thou sleepest. If He hides the increase from thine eyes, it is to keep pride from thy heart. Yet if thou spend and be spent for Him all day long, when morning comes thou shalt find the mark of His steps in the garden. He walked there while His own dew fell; and to watch the blooming of the flowers He left for thee.

Watch thy dead, in hope, pastor, teacher, mother, child;—the Son of man has gone forth to wake them. Ask now the new baptism of fire, and lay all work by till it be thine. Be content to hang as a poor ram's horn at Christ's girdle, washed of thy sin, *and, shorn of thy strength*; He will lift thee up, and speak—through thee, it may be—

life to thy dead. Long hast thou kept the cold watch of Rizpah on the hill, only scaring the bird of prey, and holding the dead hand by thy warm clasp of love. The longer that watch has been, the louder shall be thy song when *they are risen.*

Risk something to prove this love to them. After our country had kept breathless watch with the friends of the entombed miners, what a spectacle at last passed before its eyes! The long burial train, the wailing cottagers, the missive of the Widow-Queen, thrilled every heart. But the figure which held the eye was WATSON'S—the lately infidel—as he sped down, at risk of life, by the frail wire of the shaft, to point his dying comrades' eyes to the Lamb of God.

And while we covet, may we not also ask yet to catch, the very spirit of that intrepid man? Were not life well spent in watching the Master's signal, when and how to shew like love, and risk something to save souls perishing around us.

VI.

The Child's Work.

WHAT else can I do to please God? It is the new heart that asks this. For the child that once has tried to please Him longs to do it more and more. The old heart will still say, "Will nothing less than this do to please God?" The new heart says, "What new thing can I do for Jesus' sake?" FOR JESUS' SAKE. How often you say it—what does it mean? First, it means that Jesus is so dear to God, that God will do all a child can ask in His name; and *here* it means, that Jesus is so dear to His own little flock, that they would do *anything* for each other to shew their love to Him.

One day there was a stir in King David's palace. The war was over, the throne was firm, the ark he

loved was back to Mount Zion. His sons had rule in the chief places. King David had all that heart could wish or God could give. But this day he cannot rest. Something has brought back to mind the time when Jonathan and he were young; when, though his home was with the hunted bird upon the hills, or in a wild cave for fear of Saul, he still could weep on the neck of his own Jonathan, and sing to him the new-made psalm to his harp's sweet tones.

And now from that throne, which once might have been Jonathan's, he bids search be made, "Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?" Mephibosheth was lame on both his feet, and when they brought him to the king's house, he said, "What am I, that thou shouldest look on such a dead dog as I am?" But it was all one to David, for he was Jonathan's son; and he and his little Micha must eat meat at the king's table, like the king's sons, all the days of his life.

Those who came to David's court, might think it strange, in the feast room of the house of cedar, where shields of gold hung round, and cups of fine brass shone, that a seat among the men of war was kept for

a cripple! But when the "why" went round, a whisper would come back, "*For Jonathan's sake.*"

Now, if Christ's sweet love has come to your young heart, it will often say there, "Jesus is gone to heaven; I would like to give him all, but my little hand cannot carry anything to the foot of that bright throne; is there no one I can shew love to for his sake?" And then you will think of some poor one in her small room at the top of a long stair, or some sick one in a wayside cottage, and you will run with a gift of love. Not to be seen of men, nor to get their thanks, but looking up all the way to Jesus, learn to say, "I do it unto thee." Look past the sick one on the bed to Jesus on the throne, and his own smile will come down into your heart, and fill it with heaven's sunshine.

You may not have much to give. But you have *love* to give, at least. A wild flower costs nothing. The very daisy set in grass will be flowers to one who has not seen green fields for years. And then a kind word, a hymn sung—why not a prayer by the bedside?—will run like sweet wine through the soul of Christ's poor one, and make it sing for joy. What you give *ought* to cost you something. A cup of cold water was of

great price by the well of Sychar, and still is in those lands where wells are few and deep. The more love that runs out from your heart through your little gift, the more joy will pour back into your heart again.

If you are on the watch to do the will of the Lord Jesus, He *will* give you work. Ask Him. Keep your heart open and your hand ready, and they *shall* take gifts from the King to some of his poor subjects, whose cup is all but dry. And while your small gift fills the cup, joy will fill the empty heart that gets it, and the visit of a little child may raise in that sad breast the song—

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT."

"When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit on the throne of his glory." Study and copy out Matthew xxv. 31–46.

Angels visit sick rooms. Where sleep does not come —where dim lights flicker and poor fires burn—where pale faces lie and hot tears fall—God's angels come. They bring songs in the night. They note *what* kind faces watch by these beds;—*whose* kind hands smoothe the pillow and cool the brow, and dry the tears, and

whisper JESUS in the ear of the heir of glory they wait to bear away.

The tears of a slave girl, just going to be put up for sale, drew the notice of a gentleman, as he passed through the auction mart of a Southern slave state. The other slaves of the same group, standing in the line for sale like herself, did not seem to care about it, while each knock of the hammer made her shake. The kind man stopped to ask why she alone wept, and was told that the others were used to such things, and might be glad of a change from the hard, harsh homes they came from, but that she had been brought up with much care by a good owner, and she was terrified to think who might buy her.

"Her price?" the stranger asked. He thought a little when he heard the great ransom, but paid it down. Yet no joy came to the poor slave's face when he told her she was free. She had been born a slave, and knew not what freedom meant. Her tears fell fast on the signed parchment, which her deliverer brought to prove it to her; she only looked at him with fear. At last he got ready to go his way; and as he told her what she must do when he was gone, it did dawn on her what freedom was. With the first breath, "I

will follow him," she said,—"I will follow him; I will serve him all my days;" and to every reason against it, she only cried, "He redeemed me! he redeemed me! he redeemed me!"

When strangers used to visit that master's house, and noticed, as all did, the loving, constant service of the glad-hearted girl, and asked her why she was so eager with unbidden service, night by night, and day by day,—she had but one answer, and she loved to give it—

"He redeemed me!
He redeemed me!
He redeemed me!"

"And so," said the servant of Christ, who spent a night on his journey in a highland glen, and told this story in a meeting, where every heart was thrilled,—"so let it be with you. Serve Jesus as sinners bought back with blood; and when men take notice of the joy that is in your looks, the love that is in your tone, the *freedom* of your service, have one answer to give, HE REDEEMED ME!"

And if *our* foot is not yet so free as hers was, nor our hand so strong;—if we feel it is *still a task to serve Christ;*—if we go about His work almost as if the

hand were bound, and the foot chained,—let us not sit down sad, and consent to have it so, nor be ashamed to own it, *since God sees it.* Let us not look out with envy only after those who can serve him with the beaming eye, and the full heart, and the tongue set free. But let us look to Christ, and ask for a like power and spirit to serve Him. A touch from Christ will do it all for *us.* A word from Christ will draw out that cold misgiving I have, when I try to bid another taste and see that God is good, —and will answer the whisper that haunts me, "Is HE MINE?" If Satan have set me to sleep, Jesus can wake me anew. A gale of the Spirit that now broods over the dead, will fill these sails, that droop and hang, and send them out on the broad sea of his love again. Like the freed slaves of cruel masters, we bear the marks and scars of the old bondage to the end. Sin leaves its thorn in the memory, and the stripes it left upon us when the guilt was gone, will smart and bleed at times, till the body be taken down. But though it *be* the hand of a poor bought-back slave, bearing the brand of the old master, that writes its clear Amen to all God's promises, this is only a reason for being hard at work for him

while the heart beats, and for wearing on the forehead the new stamp of the sons of light. It is no reason for doubting that Christ is ours, or for keeping us from singing as we go, with the noble collier—

> "To-day as yesterday, the same—
> Christ for me;
> How precious is his balmy name!
> Christ for me.
> Christ, first and last—Christ all day long,
> My hope, my solace, and my song;
> Convince me, if you think I'm wrong.
> CHRIST FOR ME!"

And in these years of the right hand of the Most High, it is thus with many of the souls he is taking for his own. The work is so short, often so sudden, that at once the glad CHILD OF THE KINGDOM begins to tell of the newly tasted love of the King.

"Passing a row of poor houses in the outskirts of Belfast," writes the editor of the *Children's Record*, "a little girl at a door asked us to come in. We entered, and went into a little back room, a picture of discomfort and poverty. There, on a poor bed, lay a Sabbath scholar, a girl of about thirteen years old. That morning, after a brief but severe period of conviction, she had found the Saviour. We

could not have believed that such heavenly joy could ever have been expressed by human features, as now shone in that pale face. It was just what we read of Stephen, 'full of the Holy Ghost'—her face was like the face of an angel.

"Weakened by her sufferings, and unable to rise, she had six or eight of her little companions gathered at her bedside, and was *preaching Christ* to them, telling them of his beauty, and of the riches of his grace. 'O, Annie! O, Jane, dear! come to Jesus! come to him! he'll not put you away! O, give him your heart! give him *all* your heart—I know he will not take half of your heart. Give him all your heart, and he'll take away all your sins, and make you as happy as he has made me. Pray to him for his Holy Spirit, and he will hear you; but remember, *trust* him, have faith in him, else he will not hear you. I used to pray to him before, but I had not faith in him, and he did not hear me. O, that all the sinners in Belfast would come to Jesus! He has room for them all; he would save them all!' All those words we remember, among the many more which she spoke to her companions. We proposed to sing the 23d Psalm, when the girl

said, 'Please, sir, before we sing that, may we sing a little of "I waited for the Lord my God?"' We sang them both, and, after prayer, left the little company, filled with wonder and praise."

A little girl in England, who had been asked to assist in giving some tracts in the back street where she lived, was asked, in anger, by one who met her, "How dare you give these away to people?" She only said softly, "How dare I meet Jesus, if I don't do something for him?"

Just as the raindrop is not too small to shine in God's mighty rainbow, nor the heath-bell too small to lie on the big mountain's breast, and bloom red in the long rays of the great sinking sun, so you may fill your quiet little place at Jesus' feet, and get your little heart made warm and glad with his own love.

Satan knows too well how much the Lord cares for the service of little children, not to try to keep them back from it, and so to you he will say, "too young yet," just as to others he says, "too busy," "too poor," "too old." Jesus never says *too young.* He sets little Samuel to open the doors of the house of the Lord, to trim the lamp or light the fire, and on old Eli, till he is old enough for higher work.

The little page flies fastest on his lady's errands. The child, who goes to learn the work of a shop, hears it said that it is only fit to carry a parcel or a message; and runs with either all day long. The boy, at the beginning of his apprenticeship in a great merchant house,—however rich the home he comes from,—lights his master's fire, sets out the desk for his master's pen, stands always with cap in hand ready at call to go where he is bid—to post the letters, or bring the note back. These all see more of their masters, than others in the house who have great work to do. They are told that, by and by, they shall rise in that service and get more reward; yet, when they do rise, would they not sometimes fain be back to that lowest place? It brought no charge, no care; and they got smiles direct from those eyes that were to them both law and love.

It was called child's work. And what is Gabriel's?

If you grow old in the King's service, ask not to rise in it. This lowly work is the truly high work of His house. For our Lord cannot use the *strength* of man to do his work. The sort of strength it needs is the Holy Ghost given, and that dwells in HIM. The King's words are not made plainer by man's

words added. The light that makes them plain i the Holy Ghost given, and that dwells in Him. Hi behest is mighty. He asks nothing of the one wh carries it, but to wait till he gives it, and to run wher he points. He asks only a willing, working hear ready to lie like the glass lens, to gather in som rays of love where his sunbeams fall; and anxious t let them pour through it on a fellow-creature's hear till Christ's love warm that second heart too.

The dog of St Bernard, springing from his couc at night-fall, and starting fresh and keen to track th stranger just falling into his death-sleep near the glacie may teach us something of the way to go and seek th perishing. The work is more a heavenly instinc followed, than a duty laboured at. No soul can nestl long in the bosom of Him who left the throne to lif the beggar from the dunghill, without catching some what of that magnetic instinct.

We must not try this work in our own strength but in Christ's love; else the warning given, or th letter written full of doctrine and duty, will only lie like a cold death-warrant, at the heart's closed door o him who gets it. What the soul you are seekin needs, is to be made to know that, up in yon blu

heaven, pleading at his Father's throne, there standeth ONE whose heart yearns over it with love undying,—to believe that human lips there plead for it in accents all divine,—that a divine Lover sues for the heart's surrender of sinners such as we,—and that GOD IS LOVE.

CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM are often sent by God to lead others to Jesus. "It is so very sweet to know him," thought little Jane; "I wish Fanny did; but then Fanny does not see she needs him, and she can't guess what it would be to find him." And so her little friend prays night by night, and often besides, that Fanny's eyes may be opened to see all this. But her heart gets too big with love to her, to stop at prayer. "I must write to Fanny," and so she does it. "Dear Fanny, if you only knew how sweet it is to be in Jesus, and have him always beside us. How happy he makes us! You don't know how nice it is to be always thinking he sees us, and to be always trying to please Him. If once you saw Him, you would leave all, and come too. 'Come to me,' Jesus says that. Will you not do it, and get all your sin washed away?"

Such a note will not be sent without much prayer to God for his Holy Spirit to open Fanny's heart. Next time they meet, the ice must be broken. This is the

hard part, for Satan hinders in many ways; he wants to keep Fanny for his own. Just when her little friend would speak a loving word to her about her soul, some one comes in and stops it. But the faith which the Lord puts in the soul is not soon turned back; and if you watch, you will be sure to find some time to speak to one you pray for. "Fanny, have you been trying to seek Jesus?" says little Jane; and much more is said, that only these two young friends know about. Then they kneel down, and Fanny's friend prays—"O, Lord Jesus! Fanny wants to come to Thee, and can't. Wilt thou help her? Just now, O Jesus! when she's kneeling here, and wants to give away herself to thee, and can't, come and take her. O come to Fanny, Holy Spirit, just now! Take the stony heart out just now. Make her ready for Jesus just now; and may she wash in his blood, and come out white as snow. Let her not rise off her knees till she sees thee, sweet Lord Jesus! Come into this room with Thy hook, and reap her for thee.

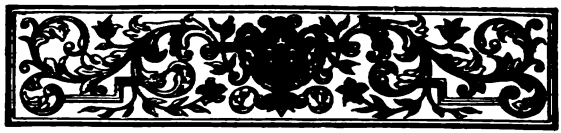
We stop here. We will not speak of these tears that God counts, these desires the Spirit puts into the heart, that joy none may meddle with between the sinner and the Saviour;—but we know that the dear

little hand that drew Fanny to his feet *does* feel something of how the cords of love are binding. And oh! if no such tie exists for *you*, as that which united Fanny and her friend by one knot to the Lord they love, WHAT YOU LOSE!

Light from heaven had just come into the young hearts of a family. One day, as they sat in the play-room, they said they found it hard to ask others to come to Christ, and had almost agreed that modesty and youth made silence wisest. "But then," said Jamie, the invalid, "look at Alick; *he* passes none, —*he* always speaks; see what he has done for Christ already; and look, he's always happy. We must be like Alick. *We must speak for Jesus.* It will be glorious to speak for HIM." And all round these little folks agreed, "*We must speak for Jesus.*" Jamie had less than one month here below to do it in. A sudden call came for him to go to Christ, who kept his little feet in the dark river, though Jamie had not the power to make a sign from thence.

And now, while his freed spirit exults in heaven's service, who can tell how far that sweet declaration and mission of his may reach—

"WE MUST SPEAK FOR JESUS?"



VII.

The Child's Cross.

SOME of you may reach heaven with no other cross than the fight with your own evil hearts. But most of those who live long have at last to say, *No cross, no crown.* Many little children have a cross to bear; and there are some who meet with a very heavy one. This chapter is for them; and even you, merry, untried little one, will find it make your own life more happy to look into the room where the sick child lies. It is not always so dark or sad there as you might think; and you will be doing angels' work, if you try to brighten it.

> How delightful the thought, that the angels in bliss
> Daily bend their bright wings to a world such as this,
> And leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,
> To breathe on our bosoms some message of love.

> They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
> Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home,
> Some pilgrim to cheer or direction afford,
> Or lay him to sleep in the arms of his Lord.

'Twas thus the angels came early on a cold March morning, four years ago, to a shepherd's cottage at Aspley Guise, to take away little Helen Barratt, before any of the rest were up. It was at five o'clock, when her little brother rose to go out to his work of watching crows, he found that she lay dead.

It was a mean bed and room the angels took her from. Though the rest of the cottage was neat and well kept, and her mother and big sister lived in it idle, and ate good food, and wore nice clothes, they kept Helen and two younger sisters in a cold front room with no fire, to work at the lace pillow fourteen hours a-day.

This had gone on for sixteen months, and their food all that time had been two meals a-day of thin gruel, with a bit of bread at night as large as the palm of their tiny hands. Even this they did not always get; for if their daily task of five feet of lace was not done, they were beaten and sent to bed, to rise and make up lost time in the morning. They dared not once go to

the fire in the next room to warm their hands for their work; so they pined and wasted. Helen often fainted, and, March 29th, her weary fingers could work no more.

Who would have thought that a CHILD OF THE KINGDOM would be left in such a school as this to train for heaven? Yet was Helen one. That night and yet one other she was beaten, and sent without bread to bed. On the last she cried for food; but her mother only rose, and, for the last time, the hand, which should have fed and nursed her, came down on Helen in anger, and bade her lie quiet. A little after that, a hymn of praise was heard from Helen's bed; and then she prayed to God, and the last words were, *O, Lord Jesus! help me to do my work next week.* Happy work it was to be! A harp in her hand, and all around her the glory of Immanuel's land.

So we see how he can give a song in the night, in such a dark home as Helen's was, to a CHILD OF THE KINGDOM.

The kind Saviour, who kept a flame of love warm in Helen's heart, was the God of Elijah, and could have made the ravens fly with bread to keep life in her wasted body. Little Julia and Charlotte, the other

sisters who had pined in that room along with her, were taken to a kind home at her death, when the rest went away to prison. But the Lord wanted Helen home beside himself, and so famine got leave to do its work.

Do not say, *Why?* It is by the deeds and trials of the darkest hours they lived on earth, that some are known in heaven. When you shall see Stephen there, it will be the cold, sharp, heavy stone that will come to mind, and the stronger love to Jesus that bore him through that hour with a face lit up with joy. When you see Daniel, it will be the lions; and Abraham, it will be a knife lifted, and an altar built, and a kindled fire.

Even as the chief Mourner of our land will be less known by her bridal, her coronation, her happy days, or her victories, than she ever must be by the days of gloom, when with one hand she bade her own grief down, and beckoned her orphans near to hear from her lips those words that kept a people's heart from breaking; and with the other hand, unseen, let fall the winter flowers with all her joy into the tomb round which the kingdoms wept.

The boy at play under the sunny sky of France,

was not his share of the grief the most bitter? All day his fishing line had floated out from the Cannes harbour. But at sunset, coming home to his villa, he saw that the face of his chief servant was overcast, and that tears were in his eyes. He found that his kind governor had just died in the room next his own. And for the loss of General Bowater the child wept. But soon at the end of the hall was seen a messenger. The message was to the departed general. The envelope was opened. The boy was told that he was fatherless. "My mother! I must go back to my mother," he cried in sobs. "My mother will bring back him who has, you say, been taken from me. I want my mother." A heavy cross fell to the share of that royal child.

Come away now to another room, and hear how a little child can be made happy by the hand of Jesus, though it be sick and sore all over; and how He can make such a one feel that the very nicest thing of all would be to be told she was going to be with Christ.

Little Marian's Sick Bed, and the Letters that lay under her Pillow.

Marian lay in the same room from which her only playmate had gone some days before, to be with Christ; and He who had thus taken from her all she cared for, came to make her bed in her sickness, with his own hand. It seems now a long, long time since Marian lay there; but the sights she got of Jesus are fresh still, bright still. It was sore, sore pain she had to bear; and there were long nights when it was hard for her even to breathe; and there were many bitter things to take; and she would fain have been away from it all, to go where her little sister had already gone.

Besides, she felt she could not go back to the garden again to play alone, nor back alone to school, nor sit alone again in their happy play-room to sing the hymns in which their sweet voices used to take each a part. "Sister is in the fold, and I am in the field," said Marian; "I see Christ and his shoulder is ready for me—let me go." But when she saw those round her in new mourning, she checked herself, saying, "You had one sick child, and now you've got another; I hope——I hope——you may not——

may not——need to——need to see me go away too. I would rather go, if you could take other children to love; but if not, then I wish I could stay till you are done wearing black gowns for her."

When death was spoken of to her, in view of its near approach, she said, "Why do you call it death? There is no death. It is *living*. Sister is not dead: her body sleeps, and Jesus will say to her, 'Come forth.' It was *real* death to Jesus, that it might be *sleep* to us. If we had to go to hell, that would be *death;* but now that Jesus has died, oh! it is no death, for we just go up to heaven, and we begin to sing," she said waving her little hand. "I would rather go to him while a lamb, and then I would have no winter; but I have winter already—pain and grief—a sore throat, and sister away. I did not use to know what grief meant, but now I know——Do you think Jesus has a white robe and a harp ready for *me?* When I am beside him and sister, and the door of heaven opens to let people come in, how we shall look for you all to come. We used to walk in the fields here; but her fields now have trees of evergreen that will never fade away;—when our fields are faded, her's will be blooming.

There was nothing strange or misty to her about the going home; no fear of not knowing those she loved when she got there, and a great hope of seeing those she should leave behind. "When I get to heaven, I'll find if we can see you or not; and if I don't, then I'll know that sister has not been seeing me, and I'll tell her how I was ill like her, and the doctors came and made me get doses. Mind, though you would be sorry to let me go away, she and I would be happy there, for we would have so many things to do and see, we would not have time to be *very* sorry; and *what* can I do here without *her?* If I go, she will have much to shew and tell me; but before she tells me *anything*, she will lead me up before the throne. Oh! why does the hymn say, 'Before Jehovah's *awful* throne?' I don't like *awful*."

When the disease had yielded, she suffered much from weakness, and great care had to be taken how they told her she was not to go to heaven, but to get well, as it made her cry, and hurt the throat. "I am weary, weary! Oh! that pretty, pretty verse—

> Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
> Thy head upon my breast.'

But we are far better off than Jesus was when he was on earth. The foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, but he had not where to lay his head. I have a bed to lie on." Again, "He is altogether lovely; he is fairer than anybody. Who is in the room just now?" "Just you and I," it was said. "Who more?" "The sick nurse." "But WHO more?" "Do you mean Jesus?" "Yes; HE, and you, and me. I think the table in heaven must just be like when Jesus had the last supper here with his disciples—when he sat beside them, and they saw him." When getting better, she said, "Jesus' shoulder is *still* ready for me, to carry his lambs home, and I like to think that room for me is *never* filled up; there is *always* room for me and for you all. I like to think that for all the numbers and numbers of children and big people he is gathering, there is always room for us."

Suffering with a blister during night, she said, "God is love, and it must be all right and good the pain he sends me. He is trying to teach me patience. He is saying, Have patience, Marian—have patience, Marian." After saying the hymn, "Jesus smiles and loves me, too," she said, "Yes, Jesus smiles and loves

me; he hears a little sick child; he smiles and looks at me." . . "He bore the cross, that we might have no crosses in heaven. Oh! wont it be nice, when we are in heaven, to know that nobody is weeping, nobody unhappy? we wont even do as much wrong as spill water—no naughty sin at all; and we will know then why little sister went away, and we will understand it all, and be quite, quite happy."

She said one Sabbath, "When you and I go to heaven, will you take me a walk by the clear crystal river, where the green trees grow on each side? Will it be through the golden streets we will go to it? and we will perhaps call in at Miss ——. You know she will be there." "O Lord," she prayed, "thou hast taken my dear sister to heaven; she was a dear sister to us, Lord! Thou knowest; but she is far dearer to thee. It was thy will to take her away, and she is far happier with YOU, Lord, than she was with us here. Make us ready to go, too."

One night, she awoke in a fright with a dream. She was told to try to sleep again. She tried to do it, and in the morning she said, "I was afraid when I was awake, because it was dark, and I thought, *Why should I fear when God is near?* Satan said to me,

'Oh! no; he is not near;' and I just said, 'But he *is* near.' and Satan went away, and I fell asleep. Doesn't Jesus not only cast Satan out of our hearts, but come in and fill them himself, so that there is no room for Satan?" Thus it was he kept and taught a CHILD OF THE KINGDOM of six years old.

All the time she was ill, Marian had beside her some letters, which were of use in making her good and happy. We put three of them here, in case they may also please some dear child who has to bear a cross like hers.

"DEAR LITTLE MARIAN,—All that you sent that was your little sister's, is safe inside the glass doors of the cabinet. It was a while after we came home before we found the key. In at the doors of it we could see all our pretty things, birds, jars, toys, shells, and a great lot more. We looked at them often, and spoke about them, and wearied for the key.

"And so it is that now we look up to heaven. We see Jesus and his great company of saints, his throne, and his glory; and there we see your sweet little sister, and many more we love. We see them by faith; we speak about them; but we cannot touch them, nor

get close to them, so we wonder when God will open the door; we weary for the key.

"One day, all at once, and when we were not looking for it, we found the key of our pretty things, and put what you sent us in beside them. And so one day God will open the cabinet of heaven, and let us in to all we love, and to all that is beautiful. We must wait till then, and be glad to wait in God's garden, outside God's door, and do his work. Marian's work is to take all the bad-tasted things—take them all in a minute. Some day we shall know why He sent this sad sore throat. God can take it away, and we are all asking him to do it."

"DEAR LITTLE LAMB *in Christ's field*, for I hear you don't think I should call it *a garden*, as lambs never lie there,—This goes to wish you good morning, as I cannot come. How kind God is to put us in his field, where the voice of Jesus comes saying, *I know my sheep, and am known of mine.* You are in one corner of it, and we are in another, and we must lie down where God bids us, and bear all his will.

"Marian is getting *bitter* food just now—a sore, sore

throat, sad pain, and doses she does not like; but she must try to like them, and be quick in doing it, or friends will get tired out, if she does not do all she is bid just at once.

"I send a spotted lizard, cut out, and if my child likes it, we may paste it in her album some day. The children and I cut it out last night for our own book; but when any of them see anything that looks nice, they say, 'Send it to Marian,' and if we sent all they bid us, you would need to get a room to put them in, or nurse would say, 'What an untidy room to bring doctors to!' I hear you do not see well now, dear child. This sash has lain in my drawer since the day I was married, when I wore it. It was the most precious thing I could think of to write this sweet text in great letters on, that your eye may rest on it, HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS WITH HIS ARMS, AND CARRY THEM IN HIS BOSOM. They will pin it up on the bed, where you can always see it, and think each time you look at it,

JESUS CARRIES ME.

"To live safe in the world, if I were to get well, *Jesus*

carries me; to go away with him to glory, *Jesus carries me.* When we lie *restless* on his arm, we are not so happy, *yet still safe.* When we lie flat down on his arm, we are safe—oh, how safe! and happy—oh, how happy! Try to bear it all; and when it is very sore, think how Jesus was once *all sore for* Marian, that she might have sweet peace in her heart and mind. We love her *dearly*, but Jesus loves her far more. Friends are all kind to her now, but Jesus is *far kinder* than anybody here can be."

"How nice it is you can read writing. The walls do not part us, as this can go out at my door and in at yours. I know you would like me to write about Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; THE SAME KIND ONE on his great white throne, that he was when here on earth.

O! SAVIOUR, GONE TO GOD'S RIGHT HAND,
BUT THE SAME SAVIOUR STILL.

"The storm kept us all awake last night, and we said, It needed to blow like this on the Sea of Galilee for Jesus to say, 'Peace, be still.' Jesus could not shew he was able to make the waves quiet

again, till he had first made a storm rise. There w something like a storm, too, in our hearts in the da night, thoughts rushing on one another, sayin 'What if our little lamb get worse?' and they ma us very sad. But Jesus was there, too, saying—

> Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
> And banish all your fears;
> Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
> Eternal as his years.

I am so glad Dr —— says you are a good girl. Y will be praying to Jesus to *keep* you good. Oft when people have been good for a while, they turn little naughty, because they stop asking Jesus to ke them good. You won't stop asking him, surel Kind, kind Jesus, for making you a little better t day. How we love Him for it!"

Little Marian came back out of the sick-room aga to play, and work a while longer here. But sometim the sick-room door opens the other way, and the CHI OF THE KINGDOM steps straight in to glory. Ev while his little shoulder bore the cross here, tl heavy end lay on the kind friends who watched b side him; for a child knows little and fears less

that range of *possible* trial which the old have got their eye opened to take in, and scarce ever get faith enough, to screen quite out.

The taste of THAT CUP which is now in your hand, mother, whose watching is all over now, is known to God alone. The depth of its draught there is no line to measure. What a different place heaven will be to you, and to your child—if its cup was bitter too—from what it can be to the unfallen! What a rest—sweeter, beyond counting, as reached from the City of Destruction through the weary desert, than it could have been if smoothly reached from Eden! By all the bites of the old serpent, by all the furnace fires, by all the tossings on the storm, by all the pangs of *this sore wrench*, shall thy rest in the Sabbath of our God be sweet and glorious. Angels say, HIS REST IS GLORIOUS; and their stainless wings and lips that never knew any language but heaven's, could not be wanted there. "Blessed are these pure, we shall say, as we look on them, for they see God."

Thine own babe, who woke up in glory to learn all about the second Adam, has sung these many years, HIS REST IS GLORIOUS. But it takes a soul to have

escaped for its life from this doomed world, to l
.eft an eye plucked out, or a foot behind in
cruel fowler's snare, the torn fragments of earthly
sprinkled away over the treacherous sea—all its r
treasures hid up in the storehouse on high—to
at the high hallelujah. And who but the fully,
deeply, and often tried, shall be able to taste
thou shalt, THE REST OF GOD! Trust Jesus with
atoms of these crumbling bones. Science says t
will scatter to the winds, and live again in o
forms. Faith only smiles at her, and replies, "T
yet in my flesh shall I see God."

Receive, Resign, Restore.

FREELY RECEIVE, is still His royal word,
  Once breathed on earth, now sounding from his throne:
Freely Thy gifts I take, ascended Lord!
  And with a fearless heart hail them mine own.
As one by one upon this throbbing breast,
  Freighted with Thine own love, they richly fall,
Why should I dread their loss, of Thee possessed?
  They but Thy mirror'd love, and THOU my all.

So when the voice that lately said, RECEIVE,
  Shall whisper in love's deeper tones, RESIGN,
Trembling and fainting, back to Thee I'll give
  Whate'er Thou claimest back—the earth is Thine.
Thou and Thy heaven are mine, and shall I weep
  When Thy sweet gifts to my bright home take wing?
Distance and death do but more surely keep
  The treasures to which all my heartstrings cling.

Soon, soon the voice which all the worlds obey,
  Shall sound throughout His vast domains, RESTORE;
And boundless spheres shall their glad tribute pay
  To Jesus and his church for evermore.
Then in heaven's wine-cup, given her running o'er,
  And in the weight of glory she shall wear,
Each long past joy shall endless sweetness pour,
  And not a jewel lost, be missing there.

VIII.

The Child's Day of Rest.

"TO-DAY I may not have my toys. T may not do as I like. I must task, and hear a long, long serm shall be soon sleepy to-night, glad to get to wish it were past and Monday come." So in i thinks the child who knows well about the day of rest, but little of the King himself. thinks that child of whom Jesus says, "Of the kingdom of heaven," as it wakes on a new day morning to sing—

> "*This* is the day when Christ arose
> So early from the dead;
> Why should I keep my eyelids close,
> And waste my hours in bed?

Are *you* one of those happy children who do not ry of God, his word, or his day,—who feel as if y could not get near enough to the good Shep- d? or are you one of those who keep as far out is way as they dare?

There may be little children in the house that are too ng to know well the right hand from the left, or l's own day from the other six. We do not speak them, but to you who can read these words for rself, and who know quite well whether you try not to do as Jesus bids you.

Why must I keep his day?

Lift your eye, little child, to that high heaven. d made it. Darkness, light, earth, air, and sea, en herb, and seed, and tree, great sun, and moon, l stars,—fowl to fly, fish to swim, worm to creep,— made them all, and man too.

And then God kept the day of rest, and gave it to n to keep, to be a type of heaven.

Long, long before he put his rainbow in the cloud tell there would be no more flood, God set his bbath for a sign, like a bright bow across this rld of toil, from paradise on earth to paradise ove, a sign of rest to come.

The first time Adam saw the round sun rise beh the hills, was on the day of rest. How bright wouk its beams, falling on the new glories of a sin world! And when the curse had come, and sent l far from the tree of life, he would feel that *that* (as it still came round, was the only good thing him of the garden. How Eve would prize it w she tried to find her way back to God; and if C would use its holy hours to pull up thorns or cc his flowers, little Abel, at his poor mother's s would love to hear how glad a day Sabbath use be inside Eden.

How sweet a day it would be to all God's pe before there was a Bible. To Enoch, as he wal with God, fifty-two years of Sabbath-days alone Noah, with his saved family, long months upon sea; to Lot, shut up in Sodom, the days of rest w be like stones to mark the way to heaven, and l the count of time.

The Bible does not require to tell us how ho day it was in the tents of Abraham, nor how child of the promise was taught to keep *his* foot i the Sabbath as he ran out and in, the hope and of all the dwellers there. But the Bible *does* te

that if these men of faith had not made their children to keep God's ways, God could not have made good to Abraham, or Isaac, or Jacob, the promises to which they clung.

Far up and down through all the land of Egypt, the slave's lash on their necks, weary by the side of the long tale of bricks, these Hebrews may scarce have known the day of rest; but now God had said, "Let my people go, that they may serve me," and he taught them how.

Not one child of Israel but would be able to tell to its dying day about the morning when no manna fell. On other days, all round the wide-spread tents, the busy millions were out like bees to get the day's supply; none more eager than the children to gather the shining heap the family wanted. That double store on the sixth day, the silent Sabbath morning with its ready meal, and the call of some careless one saying, "Give us of your manna, for we forgot to gather," were a voice from heaven, before it thun dered down from Sinai,

"REMEMBER THE SABBATH-DAY;"

and how awe-struck must old and young have been

that other day, when the man who had gone out for sticks to light forbidden fires, was found and brought to Moses, and the Lord said, *Stone him.* What boy or girl could pass that grave beneath the heap of stones outside the camp, without trembling for a broken Sabbath?

But time would fail to come down all the stream of Bible story, and stop in every scene where Sabbath light is shining, or to lift at each spot, where we catch a glimpse of it, the golden thread which runs through all its books. It would lead us on by tent and tabernacle, by temple and by palace, by shepherd's hut and fisher's boat, within sound of the high-priest's bells and of David's harp, and of the soft sweet hymns of the upper chamber, all the way down to Patmos, where John got the Master's last message on the day of rest. We should find that God's people are never too busy to keep *a whole Sabbath.* We should find David keeping it when king, just as he did when a shepherd boy; and Nehemiah as particular about its hours when he had a city to rebuild, as when he was the captive cup-bearer of Babylon.

God's people keep the Lord's day still, not by custom or by duty only, but from love to Jesus and from

choice. It is the first thing the heathen learns when he gives up his idols. Some time ago a young Chinese teacher had seen a Bible. Down he came to Amoy to ask about the Saviour of whom he had read; and though he did not then know much of the truth, he went straight home to close his school on the holy day, unless he should get leave to teach only the Bible on that day.

Late one evening, when the war in Kaffirland was over, two of the missionaries were on their way back to a place where many had believed on Jesus, but whence the war had driven God's servants, burnt their church, and kept them far away for a year and a half.

They came near the hut of an old Kaffir. Will he still love to see us? Does he still fear God? they thought. Going into his house, they asked him if he could tell how many days it was to God's day. He told them exactly; and they asked him how he knew to count it all these eighteen months. The old man rose and brought a long stick full of rude cuts, saying, "It was this that helped me to keep the day. I put a notch on here every night, and a big one for Sabbath, and I have not lost count of one all the time."

The missionaries did not need to ask any more.

They felt that the Lord of the Sabbath reigned i that poor Kaffir's heart.

One help to keeping the day holy is to begin t make ready for it before it comes. Did you lay b your things for work and play last night? Did yo say on your knees, "Lord Jesus, the week is don to-morrow is thy day, make me to keep it holy?"

As soon as you thought of what day this was, di you say a little hymn or text before you left you bed? When they washed you, did you try to thin *what* hand can stoop from heaven to wash your so from sin? When they dressed you, did you think His fair white robe? or when they fed you, of H sweet word? And have you read His holy book t day, or heard a story from its rich pages that are ev new? Have you sung some hymns, a psalm, "The Happy Land," or "Oh! how He loves?" The take your Bible and find out the text you heard i the church, and print the words of it if you cann yet write, and try to note down at least some o thing that you heard said about it. God counts t sermons that you hear, and it is well for you to kee count too, and to do it in some neat book that wi last long, and where you may also put the texts

hymns, or Sunday pictures that friends give you from time to time. That is one way to help you to hide his sweet word safe in your heart.

Try to find time also to tell your little brother or sister a story. If you will take pains on it, and break it very small for the little one, a story from you will be loved better than a story from any other.

God does not mean you to sit still all day, with a book in your hand, in church or at home, dull or sleepy, when he bids you keep the day of rest. It is only they who break it that say so. It is with your *heart* that God asks you to keep it; and he says,

> "Let all that Zion's children are
> Be joyful in their King."

It is the day to get a close view of that King in his beauty. It is the day to get a near sight of the land that is very far off. Six days he has left to you for work and play; but this morning he calls you to come forth and learn of him how to keep his day. "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

To learn this lesson, he has put you in a fair world. He leaves you to choose whether it shall be to you a glass in which Jesus shines, or a screen to hide his

glory from your eye, and shut him out of your heart. Everything around you, may either help you to forget Him, or help you to remember Him, just as you use it.

And when any of the things round you do tempt you to folly, and become a snare to you, try you to break it at once, and ask the friend beside you, or think with yourself, "Is there anything about that very thing in the Bible?" Happy child who learns so to do! Is there anything about honey or cakes, or grapes, anything about horses, or oxen, or sheep, about corn or sheaves, summer or harvest, apples or doves, hills or heath, river or sky? Or if your happy home is in a narrow street of the dusty town, the Bible will be just as full of answers to your questions. You will find things in it about a street, a house, a key, a lock, a window, a table, a stool, a shadow, almost everything from a weaver's shuttle to a jewelled crown. And if you are beside one on whose heart Christ has written, "*Feed my lambs,*" you will find that the stories never come to an end.

When the hot sun drives you to the shade, or the ant runs by laden to its hill, or the moth darts from its hiding-hole in the curtain to dance round the *candle flame,*—when the stars peep out, and the sun

goes down—*your* young heart will be loving to learn about the great things faith believes, by means of the small things your eye sees round you.

Instead of wishing night were come, you will be asking leave to sit up late on that evening, though you go early to bed on all the other days, and then you will go to sleep thinking of a better rest to come, when there shall be no night again for ever and ever.

These pages were written, when a letter came from the far north of Scotland, with these words in it—"You remember that Sabbath thunder-storm in July. It came to us severely. Four lads had gone in church hours to the moor. The flashes of lightning made them stand still. Two of them said, 'It's not here we should be *to-day;*' and they turned home. The next flash and peal made them stop and shake. They gave one look back to their young friends. Both were dead on the green grass, struck by lightning!"

"GO, MAN OF PLEASURE, STRIKE THE LYRE;
OF BROKEN SABBATHS SING THE CHARMS;
MINE BE THE PROPHET'S CAR OF FIRE,
THAT BEARS ME TO A FATHER'S ARMS."

IX.

The Child's Book.

NO wonder you love your Bible so well, little CHILD OF THE KINGDOM. For in no other book are the things you like best here, so mixed and twined with those you love at God's right hand.

When you run in for the night, from your work in the field, or farm, or garden,—take out the holy book. When you come in from your play by the seashore, or the fishing stream, from the house you were trying to build, or the seeds you left in the earth to be flowers some day—take out the holy book. When the sheep are safe in the fold, and the horses in the stall, and supper is getting ready,—take out the holy book. It will suit you all, little CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM, whatever the day's work or play has been. Some

people would treat the Bible as a thing so sacred, that within the holy circle round it, we must bring no word or thought of common work or play. But the Bible is just the written will and word of our Father, to which we are to bring our *whole* work, our *whole* play, our opened heart—to hear what God will say about them.

There you will read—in the sweet, short, easy words that Jesus spoke,—about the house on the rock that stood, and the house on the sand that fell. There you will see Him feed his flock like a shepherd, and love the lost sheep so well that he leaves all to find them. There you will hear Jesus call this world a great field, sown part with wheat and part with tares. There you will hear him tell, that soon He, as Judge, will be back again; to cast the chaff away, and bring the wheat into the garner. There you will read till you almost think you see him feed the crowds with loaves and fishes, and bid the sea be quiet with a word; spreading out with his own hand a feast of love, and calling all the children in to share it.

Daily be a busy bee in that garden, and you will come back to the same flower, to find new honey, again and again. Most of the texts in this book are

like those green leaves that do not smell sweet till they are pressed. But there are some texts that seem only to give out *all* their sweetness when a child's hand touches them. A little child may so read that holy page as to cause a *new* perfume to fill the house. Ask mama to mark for you the bits of the Bible (you must get one all to yourself) where these easy texts are, and soon you will find your own way to new ones, and then give her a surprise by some sweet verse she had scarce seen the beauty of herself.

Just as *she* does when she is going away for a little, —just as your friend did when she died,—so has the kind, tender Lord Jesus left you a book to read for his sake, till He comes back for you. It must not then lie whole days on the shelf; the finger must not leave a mark in the dust on it when you take it up. It must not be read fast, or half asleep—as *yours* is, poor child, who are not yet a CHILD OF THE KINGDOM,—you must not sit longing to throw it down when the chapter is got over, to read the rest of a tale. No; the Bible must be much made of,—your best loved story-book—the friend of your counsel, the well of life. It has the King's law in it—it is the map he gives you to shew the way to yon far skies. It has the only

picture that truth ever made of Jesus, shining on its page. Sometimes you will think as you read, *I wish I were like him;* and sometimes, *I wish I were with him;* and sometimes, *I wish I could please him more.* And there will be nights, when you put the Bible by, and lay your head upon your pillow, that you will say within your heart, "I beheld his glory." You, a poor sinful child, will rest under the shadow of that Tree of Life, the man Christ Jesus, and his fruit will be sweet to your taste. All day long the words of that book will be like the string tied round the neck of Christ's little lamb to keep it near him, to keep it from running off in ways of its own. "Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble. When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet," (Proverbs iii. 23, 24, and vi. 22).

You will find too when a little older, that there is no lesson book like the Bible. You will like to make a list of its books, and learn their names. You will find out that part of it was written by a shepherd, part by a soldier, part by kings, and part by fishermen; part by a doctor in his study, and part by a herdsman on Judah's hills. You will see that some parts were

got straight from heaven in dreams of the night—now on the gilded couch of a palace, and now in a bare, cold prison cell like Paul's. How strange to think of Cæsar's guards keeping the doors of that cell with bolts and bars, his arm fixed with a chain, while the King of Kings broke in on his free spirit with visions of the sky where now He reigns.

And though you live to be old—this is the wonder—you will never once open that book without coming on something that seems quite new. There Christ's people lodge and dwell, from the first day to the last; from the hour they first meet Him and read Alpha on his brow. till that when heaven's chariot comes for them and they go to learn what the Omega shall be. A child was looking over the names of the chapters of this little book; and said, "Oh! you've missed some thing; you've spoken of the robe, and the school, and all the rest, but there should be a chapter called *Child's Bread.*" In God's Word, my child, you shall find it. Other books may be like finger posts mark the way to it; but *thy bread* is found in own word—every word that has come from his Thou shalt feed on it, and grow by it, coming home to Him who says, I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE. That

is the pasture where he shuts his children in; and the Holy Spirit is the living water which keeps the pastures green.

There are times when God's children feel most at home in one corner of these fields,—places where they go when they are sad to weep—and places where they tune their harps for Bible songs of joy. In all parts of it the manna falls. In all its corners Christ is the food they eat, the water they drink, the rock they rest beneath, the covert where they hide.

But the Bible may be also our play-time book. We have spent many an hour among children who, if they had got their choice which of all things would most please and amuse them, would say, "Put a page in my Sunday Album." One that costs sixpence, one that costs six shillings, one that cost (with all the engravings or drawings for it) as many pounds, will give exactly the same kind or degree of pleasure to the little flock. It never has been tried among any children we have known, without making the Sabbath a happier day.

Will you get a blank paper book for the purpose, and find or draw a picture of some Bible word. You may find one to begin with, in some torn book that

has been thrown aside as useless. Cut the picture nicely out, and gum it, on a week day, in the centre of a page. The texts are not to be found out till Sunday comes. The smallest of the party will soon learn what corner the Concordance lies in, and make its way to it even, as we have seen, when to creep back pushing the book before, is still easier than to walk with such a burden. Then one who can read will turn up the word fixed on, and tell the list of texts in which it occurs. Another will count them up and write over the picture, "Named about so many times in the Bible."

Then one who is a good chooser will find out the texts which will do to write out in full around the picture. A clean pen will write them, not all straight, or in one way, but each page varied from the last: and we must not go faster than one page in the week, if the patience of the little workers can be so tried, which we never found easy. The pages which follow will shew some of these done in the very plainest way, but *your* book, when you set to it, will soon make this one look poor and mean, for you will get a bright red rose instead of a plain white one, and beasts in their own real colours, and of a larger size.

LEAVES FOR MY SUNDAY ALBUM

CHILDREN.

PRINTERS.

FIRESIDE.

MDCCCLXII.

BIBLE WORDS.

THE ROSE.
THE MOTH.
THE FROG.
THE ANT.
THE GRAPES.
THE CROWN.
THE ARROWS.
HOPE.
THE LAMP.
THE KEY.
WAIT.
THE CATERPILLAR.
THE RING.

The Rose.

ONLY twice is this word found in our English Bible; and perhaps the rose of England is not the same as grew in the fields of Sharon. Yet, when we read these two verses, it is always our own rose we think of; so its picture is put here. Once when the Son of God, the "angel" who led Israel, was to tell them how sweet his love, his work, his name, his person, were to be to the poor sinner, he said, "I am the rose of Sharon;" and once again, when Isaiah sang of gospel days—*of such a year as this*—and of the change grace makes on dry and barren hearts, he said the lone deserts, that bore scarce one leaf of green, would bloom with living flowers when the Spirit was poured forth.

Till Jesus came, those who looked for him could only see him veiled in types. The sights that the Hebrew mother and her child got of his glory were but dim. She could only point her child to such shadows of it—things that he could see and touch—and teach him to say, "There is one coming from that blue heaven, sent by God, to save Israel." And he might fear to look long on the little lamb at the altar, or at the ashes of the young heifer, and even weep to see the kid of his father's flock going away to be slain for

sin. The sight of blood is always awful to a child. But if, in the cool morning, in some shady spot, he came on the bright beauty of the opening rose, he would love to hear his mother say of *it*, "There will be something about Messiah that will be like the rose of Sharon." And if he got leave to pluck it, as he shook off the big dewdrops to lay it in his breast, while all the way, and then at home, its perfume hung around, sweet thoughts would come, and words be spoken of Him who was to be like the rose of Sharon.

A child does not often get leave to pull the flowers it would like to have. If the rose stands in the garden plot, or is the choice one of the greenhouse, he is bid "not to touch" even, and has to go away with only a look of it, and nothing in his hand. But no child is too poor, no hand too mean or small, to come and take the Rose of Sharon for its own, and keep for ever! It is strange how well that name for the Lord Jesus is loved by his people still, now when types are all done with, and when Messiah has dwelt as Man on earth, and reigns as King in heaven. When he draws very near to young or old, and fills a heart or makes a sick room happy, can the soul find any sweeter name for him than "the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valleys?"

"I am not the rose, but I dwell with the rose, and smell of it," are words put, in a fable, into the lips of some meaner flower. And this is how the desert ever comes to blossom as the rose, or a sinful heart to breathe of Jesus. Live by

NAMED TWICE IN THE BIBLE.

faith beside him, abide in him, speak to him, and hear him speak again, hide his words in the heart, and fear to sin against him, and the weakest and simplest of all his children may carry about him, wherever he goes, the scent of Jesus.

"By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose.
So such the child whose early feet
The path of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upwards drawn to God."

The Moth.

There is one lesson about the moth for which there is not a text. Good men have said, when they saw it dance to its death over a candle flame, that it put them in mind of a soul that ventures again and again to play with sin, till at last it drops into the burning of eternal fire.

I will be unto Ephraim as a

MOTH.

—HOSEA v. 12.

The Moth

shall eat them up like a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool.—ISA. li. 8.

He buildeth his house as a MOTH, and as a booth that the keeper maketh.
—JOB. xxvii. 18.

Them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before the MOTH.
—JOB iv. 19.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where

Moth

and rust doth corrupt.—MATT. vi. 19.

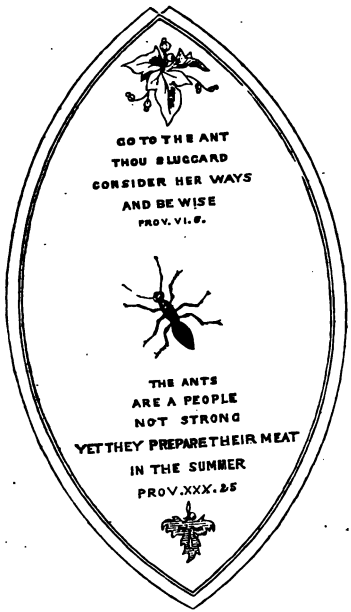
Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a MOTH.

—PS. xxxix. 11.

NAMED TWELVE TIMES.

The Ant.

Not every lazy little boy or girl can go and at once find ants to learn from. They have homes of their own, where they abound, and where their ways may best be seen; and in some such places, you cannot go many steps without being made to think of the ant, and her wise, busy ways. There she will cross each path you take, clearing it as she goes of each fibre, stick, or fir-spine, to pile them up on her brown pyramid-hill. She climbs each mound before you, and drives you many a time from the soft green spot where you would like to sit and watch her work, till you begin to feel that she owns the soil. The roe and the rabbit will fly at your far-off step; the bee will keep to its heather or its flowers; but the ant is creeping everywhere. One Jul day, we said we would sit and wait for an hour in a woo till some friends came back. We forgot the ants that we used to that wood—all its firs, all its junipers, quite themselves. Their hills were on every side, and betwe two of them, just facing on each side the path, they l opened an ant's highway right across it, where two li black streams poured as fast, and kept their own side well as men do on a London street. We had to bre tree-branch half through, and sit up in a cleft, befor could get a seat, and not be crept upon.


GO TO THE ANT
THOU SLUGGARD
CONSIDER HER WAYS
AND BE WISE
PROV. VI. 6.
THE ANTS
ARE A PEOPLE
NOT STRONG
YET THEY PREPARE THEIR MEAT
IN THE SUMMER
PROV. XXX. 25

NAMED TWICE.

They say that there are just such ant-hills, and as many of them, at Balmoral. If so, the Queen will have to ask the ants' leave before she can sit and rest long on her own hillside.

And King Solomon, whose pen wrote both these texts, had he been to watch the little creature whose feet never weary till she turns each waste morsel into a stone for her city wall? *He*, the guide, the overseer, the ruler of the nation, did he come, fretted with men's sloth and slowness, to watch the ongoings of the people, weak but wise, that thronged the paths near the house of the forest of Lebanon, finding among them proofs of a wisdom and a skill more faultless than his own?

Will you try to be like the ant in this New Year! Will you begin it *awake?* To sleep in the day is always sad; but to sleep in harvest is ruin. Oh, what harvest years were 1860–1? How many, many a thousand were borne from Satan's ground safe into Christ's garner! How many a young hand put the sickle in, and became a reaper for him! *Are you asleep on the harvest field, or half-asleep?*

I WILL SMITE ALL THY BORDERS WITH

Frogs.

—EXOD. VIII. 2.

I SAW THREE UNCLEAN SPIRITS LIKE

Frogs.

—REV. XVI. 13.

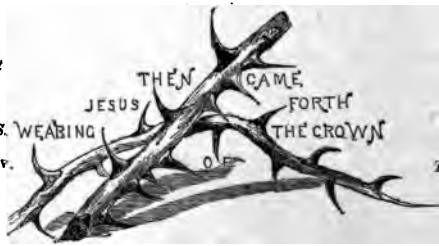
NAMED FIVE TIMES.

As the lily among

THORNS,

so is my love among the daughters."—CANT. ii. 2.

Sow not among THORNS. —JER. iv. 3.



I will hedge up thy way with THORNS. —HOS. ii. 6.

Instead of the

THORN

shall come up the fir-tree.—ISA. lv. 1

There was given to me a

THORN

in the flesh.—2 COR. xii. 7.

NAMED ABOVE FORTY TIMES.

A Crown

was given unto him: and he went forth

conquering, and to conquer

—Rev. vi. 2.

On his head
were many
CROWNS,
—Rev. xix. 12.

They cast their
CROWNS
before the
throne.
—Rev. iv. 10.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a

CROWN

of life.—Rev. ii. 10.

NAMED ABOVE EIGHTY TIMES.

NOW ABIDETH HOPE.

We HOPE for that we see not.—Rom. viii. 25.

Let me not be ashamed of my HOPE.

And they came unto the brook of Eshcol, and cut down from thence

a branch

with one cluster of

GRAPES,

and they bare it on a staff.—NUM. xiii. 23.

He looked that it should bring forth

GRAPES,

and it brought forth wild

GRAPES.

—ISA. v. 2.

NAMED ABOVE FORTY TIMES.

They blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the

LAMPS

in their left hands.—JUDG. vii. 20.

Ere the LAMP of God
went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was,
and Samuel was laid down to sleep;
that the Lord called Samuel.—1 SAM. iii. 3.

Thy word is a
LAMP
to my feet.—Ps.
cxix. 105.

Thou art my
LAMP,
O Lord.—2 SAM.
xxii. 29.

When his candle
(LAMP)
shined upon my
head, and
when by his light
I walked
through darkness.
—JOB xxix. 3.

Bring thee pure oil-olive beaten for the light, to cause the

LAMP

to burn always.—EXOD. xxvii. 20.

Ten virgins took their LAMPS, and went forth to meet
the Bridegroom.
They that were foolish took their LAMPS, and took no oil with them. But
the wise took oil in their
vessels with their LAMPS.—MATT. xxv. 3, 4.

NAMED ABOUT FIFTY TIMES.

YE HAVE TAKEN AWAY THE

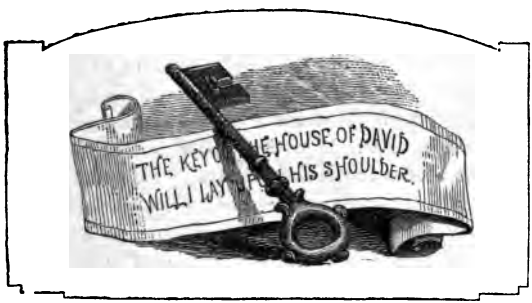
Key

OF KNOWLEDGE.

LUKE XI. 52.

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

—MATT. XVI. 19.



THESE THINGS SAITH HE THAT IS HOLY, HE THAT IS TRUE,
HE THAT HATH THE

KEY

OF DAVID, HE THAT OPENETH AND NO MAN SHUTTETH,
AND SHUTTETH AND NO MAN OPENETH.

—REV. III. 7.

NAMED EIGHT TIMES.

Wait.

Two children went to a friend's garden. Each got a fine pear, not fully ripe, to take home. The one child ate his up directly; the other had begun, but agreed to deny herself, and to *wait* till it was ripe. When the pear with the piece out got home, it was bound with a white sealed band, and the word WAIT inscribed on it. For days it lay on the parlour mantel-piece, giving lessons to old and young, none of whom were without *something* patiently to wait for. When it got soft it was cut in slices, and shared by all the party.

Some things are ours which, as yet, we do not ask to enjoy. Some powers we have that will never get full exercise here. Who has so good a right as the CHILD OF THE KINGDOM to go forth and take the cream of earth's delights? Heir o earth as well as heaven, all its poetry, its music, its riche are his. But he is waiting for a kingdom; he is seeking draw others there; he is in the attitude of one who wa for his Lord; and from many a lawful thing he draws be his touch. *The fruit is mine,* but I wait to eat it yond it will be sweeter there. The music is all mine; I might unhurt perhaps, and follow it to places where the chil of this world delight to be found. But I should lead ot astray who have not put the proof-armour on that gave to me on that day he lifted my heart's love out creature good and set it on himself. I shall soon he harpers in the heavenly choir. I can wait.

WAIT, I SAY, ON THE LORD.

God of my salvation, on thee do I WAIT all the day.—Ps. xxv. 5.

They shall not be ashamed that WAIT for me.—Is. xlix. 23.

QUIETLY WAIT.

SAY. ON THE LORD.

They shall not be ashamed that WAIT for me.—Is. xlix. 23.

QUIETLY WAIT.

The Arrow.

The first "arrow" we find in the Bible is in the hand of noble Jonathan. Saul's new-moon feast is over, a javelin lies near Jonathan's empty seat, and David is hid by the stone in the wayside field. His friend has found that there is wrath against the one he loves as his own soul, so he takes his arrows out to warn him, and cares little that, to save his David, he risks both crown and life. The next arrows we find in Jehu's chariot. He has two kings to slay; he draws a bow with his full strength, and the one sharp arrow at the heart leaves the wicked king of Israel slain, and Jehu in pursuit of the king of Judah.

The Holy Spirit makes much use of the arrow to shew how the Lord slays the wicked, and how the wicked seek to shoot at God's dear saints. Ever since sin came, it is the lot of each of us to be carried *slain* from the field of life. The Lord Jesus saw how it was to be. He saw the arrow set on the string of wrath. He saw death, and pain, and sin all make ready their myriad arrows to shoot at man; and he saw the pit of fire into which the slain must fall.

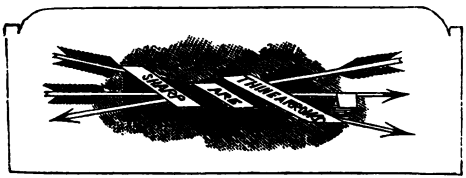
And Jesus made ready too. He found out a new way of slaying men. He said to his Father, "Spend these thin arrows all on me," and he lay down slain, and rose fr *the tomb with* his quiver full of *love arrows*, each one dip

Thou shalt not be afraid for the

ARROW

that flieth by day.

—Ps. xci. 5.



And Jehu drew a bow with his full strength, and smote

Jehoram between his arms, and the

ARROW

went out at his heart,

and he sunk down in his chariot.

—2 Kings ix. 24.

NAMED ABOVE SIXTY TIMES.

in blood, to be shot forth in that might of his that makes the soul his own.

Has an arrow from his bow come *your* way yet? Did it slide down through your heart, and pierce it to the quick, till you cried in fear, "I am undone. WHO art thou, King of Glory?" and as he drew the veil away, and shewed you his own face, did you lift the arrow up, and read on it, in letters made before the world, "I HAVE LOVED THEE?" Jesus is passing through the land to save. Has he been in *your* church, *your* school, your street, your home, with his arrows? How shall I know I am his? you ask. Let me ask you, Does he make any use of you about the shooting of his arrows? Does he sometimes let you help to take an arrow from another's heart? Do you long, and weep, and pray to see his arrows fly around you? That letter yo wrote to a friend about his soul, the book you lent, th tract you gave away, that word you are longing to spe for Jesus, did you take it first to himself to be made l arrow? *Used by you*, it will fall as idle as others did; *u by him*, it will fly from his bow, and be his arrow, and tl he will send you after it to trace its course, and find how its aim was. He does not, even in these days of ours, us his people thus, but he does it for all who go in the w this work of his. Ask him to do this *for you*, and, child th you be, you will find that you are always surest you are Ch when he is using you about the shooting of his arrows

He gave their increase to the

Caterpillar.

—Psa. lxxviii. 46.

I will restore to thee
the years that the locust hath eaten, the

CATERPILLAR

and the palmer-worm, my great army; and ye shall
eat in plenty, and praise the name of
the Lord your God,
—Joel ii. 25, 26.

NAMED EIGHT TIMES.

The King.

This little word brings us into the courts of kings.

First, we see Joseph's prison-dress taken off, and fine linen, and a gold chain, and Pharaoh's own ring put on. It might not have been so safe for Joseph to ride in that second chariot of Egypt, and hear them cry, "Bow the knee," everywhere he went and came, if he had not stepped into it from the hard, dark school of Egypt's prison.

Then we see Esther drying up her tears, and getting leave to save the Jews from death; and Mordecai going out from the king in robes of blue, and white, and purple, with a great crown of gold, to tell the news, and with the king's own ring to seal the letters of life, and send them far and wide by the swift camel-posts through Ahasuerus's kingdoms.

And then, last of all, we see a poor sinner coming to the King of kings for pardon, and getting it, (Luke xv. 22).

In your own little Bible, see the King's writing. Cry for the Holy Ghost, and get the King's seal. Should we not tremble to live in such a year as this, without getting the seal of God upon our brow — now, when Jesus has come *so near* to write pardons for all who ask him, and when the day of his wrath may be so nigh? Ah! it will be found then to be true of this King also, that *the writing which is written in the King's name, and sealed with the King's ring, may no man reverse.*

AHASUERUS TOOK HIS

RING

FROM HIS HAND, AND GAVE IT UNTO HAMAN.

—ESTHER III. 10.

BRING FORTH THE
BEST ROBE,
AND PUT IT ON HIM;
AND PUT A

Ring

ON HIS HAND,
AND SHOES ON HIS FEET.
—HE WAS LOST,
AND
IS FOUND.
—LUKE XV. 22.

PHARAOH
TOOK OFF HIS

Ring

FROM HIS HAND, AND
PUT IT UPON
JOSEPH'S HAND.
—GENESIS XLI. 42.

WRITE YE ALSO FOR THE JEWS, AS IT LIKETH YOU, IN THE KING'S NAME,
AND SEAL IT WITH THE KING'S

Ring:

FOR THE WRITING WHICH IS WRITTEN IN THE KING'S NAME,
AND SEALED WITH THE KING'S

MAY NO MAN REVERSE.—ESTHER VIII. 8.

NAMED TEN TIMES.

The Holy Bible.

Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to tell me what I am.
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

Mine thou art to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;
Mine to shew a Saviour's love;
Mine to chide me when I rove.
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Mine to shew, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

X.

The New Home.

"THIS bit is not meant for me. I need no home but the one I've got." You *think* not. For you are close by a kind friend's knee, book and toy, with all you want, beside you. And it *is* a happy place that home of yours. But then, to say you never look up to the OTHER HOME where sin is at an end, and where Jesus reigns, just shews that you are not a CHILD OF THE KINGDOM.

Where are those little friends of yours who used to sit near you in church, to walk on the same busy street, to play at the same merry game, to read off the same books at school with you? You never look for them now in street, or church, or school, nor in the rooms where they sat and slept, nor in the green walks where

they ran to play. Why? They were Christ's, and they are gone to be with him—to sit at his table in His Kingdom. And if he gave them leave, would they come back again? No; unless it could be just for an hour, to tear away the screen that hides Christ and heaven from your eyes, and to entreat you to seek and find Him.

I am not sure that you would wish or try to keep them. But if you did, it would be vain. If they found you in a green, green field, with flowers to plant, and fruit to eat, and birds to sing in wild rose trees full of buds;—if there were white stones and shells to play with, lambs to skip among, a pony to ride, a boat to sail, and merry boys and girls to share it with you;—they would turn from it all and say, "Oh! let us back to Jesus. We have seen the King; we cannot do without him now."

Think you that it would make your home here less glad to live in sight of that glorious Home to come? Had you ever a home on a spot whence there was a fine, wide view? Did you see from it trees, and hills, and fields, with sea or lake beyond, and paths so high that, looking up to them in the mid-day sunshine, *you* wished for wings to reach them at a bound?

Those who look up by faith to the city of the King have a view from their home here of the land that is very far off. It is as if heaven were painted out before their heart's eye.

Think you, would it make you love your friends here the less if, as you sat together, you could say, "Soon we shall be in the city of our God. Soon we shall sit round Christ's table in his kingdom, and see what he means by the fruit of the vine to be tasted there; and what he means by saying he will gird himself, and come forth, and give out the children's bread, the manna of the skies." Oh! it would make us glad all the day long, if the mists did not so often come, thick and dark, between us and that glory.

Were you ever asked to a wedding or to a nice party? You were to see new things there to please you, and old friends to make you happy, and to hear what should *best* amuse you, while it made you more wise and good. How you looked forward to it! How long the days seemed till it came! The white dress was tidy and ready long before. All you should need was thought of and got right. It was the early first thought, and the last late one. It would even come into your dreams. There was always something

to wait for. How good you tried to be, lest you should be kept at home? No one could be long with you, till they found out where you were going. Who will be there? What shall we see? And though none could tell you, it made you glad to ask. For a great deal of our joy is got before the thing we long for really comes; and it makes all we do every day more sweet, if we do feel sure in our heart that, in a little time, a day still more sweet is coming.

Now, our God and Father wishes to make our days here more bright, by letting fall on them some sunshine of the day to come,—that long day with no moon, no lamp, no candle, no sun even, but Him alone. He bids us live as those whom he has asked to the great marriage-feast, who are sure of a place at a table spread by his own hand, and who love to keep the letter of invitation always by them. Keep yourself for it. Look on the tables Satan tries to spread with fruit forbidden, as one who can say, "*He shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, coming out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.*" Twelve kinds of fruit are on that tree; shall we spoil our taste for it by eating even a little of what hurts the *soul*? Its leaf heals our sin and sorrow *already.*

When Satan, the coward foe of God's little child, shoots at you an arrow with poison of his own on it, tempting you far more to do wrong than he did before you came to Jesus, say, "Lord, deliver me from the evil one!" and Christ will pluck a leaf from that full branch of the tree of life, and bring it down to heal you.

To make His child glad to go to him, God often gives a new, clear sight of the glory to come, and he cries out, "Let me go to HIM." The world's withs cannot bind the spirit; friends cannot make chains strong enough.

Did you ever go to a new home here? The new house was to be warmer or larger; it had more windows to let in the sun by; and more flowers to look out upon. Yet all that did not make you *quite* glad to leave the old house. It was so full of things beloved. Its very walls were painted with frescoes of the childhood past, that never wash out,—scenes that the young eye never will see the like of *here* again. The day did come; and as you found, hour by hour, some fond thing vanish, and saw room after room empty, and when you all met for a last meal on a floor that had no carpet, you began to feel it was time to be gone.

You took leave of the old haunts and the famous hiding holes; down by the bare stairs and walls, you got to the door-step of the old home, and cried. But after all, was the new house so strange when you got there, when the old kind faces met you again at the door? —and when within you found now a picture, now a mirror, now the cradle, and the sleeping baby, who did not know that the old clock was telling the hours, as truly and cheerily as ever, to the new nursery walls. The spoil of the old house was the riches of the new.

Has God made your home in his own house richer thus? Who was it—father, mother, sister, brother, friend—that he took that sore, sore day? Jesus needed just that one to fill out the plan of the place his hand prepares for you. Our God *never takes back a gift*, any more than we take back that which once we gave away. But he does—as we might—take back a loan of it, to make it fairer for us, when he shall put it into our hands once more. We do not see *how* fair he is making our new home, with furnishings from the tents in which we here dwell. Angels see it. The lost ones gone before now see it; —how soon we too shall see; and then it shall be *sung* of us and them, by others who stay behind us:—

"Now they join hands once more above,
Before the Conqueror's throne;
Thus God grants prayers, but in his love,
Makes times and ways his own."

And this meeting with them will come. Afraid as we wisely are of allowing the prospect to bulk in our minds, lest we should fail truthfully to say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee?" content to keep it down among the objects of a calm belief, rather than to let it swell the bosom with ecstatic hope, it will all come duly and surely. He who has undertaken to cure the evils of the Fall, He who ties hearts up in one, and gives us to each other, and never takes back a gift, will see to it that harvest day on the new earth shall make amends for all the tears that fell at sowing time. The feast is preparing above; the guests arrive. Should not those who weep be as though they wept not?

Foretastes of these meetings come even now in dreams, when the restless heart gets, for an hour or two, free flight. Long years may have passed in that search for one, snatched away from us with no farewell. And still the heart holds on, mocked by the daylight, till it gets back the lantern from the night again. At last away in some scene of loveliness, or down a lane of

misery under the rags of an outcast child—the light falls on the very face the heart is searching for. It is more life-like than waking memory ever paints it. Changed—but with the same eye of loving fire that lighted once our heart and home—we find the child. Busy love repairs the mischief done since death kidnapped our treasure. It is no shadow that we clasp. We bear our burden in triumph home and lay him safe in his own little bed which, since he left us, has been sacred as the tomb. Not all secure—we crave mercy of the vision not to part us but to endure awhile: and even when it has gone, there stays behind a something of possession still.

Philip's Flower-seeds.

The English ship that brought the invalid had turned out again to steam along the coast of Spain, and the little boats were making for the point on shore where men and mules stood ready to take them up to the old castle which was to be Philip's home till spring. First his young mother was on shore, and then the boy, and then his kind papa; and soon they were all on the steep path that led up to the gate.

Busy was little Philip to help his nurse that day to lay out every thing for his dear mama that would make her room like the one at home she had been so loath to leave. She was fragile now, yet those about her thought she never had seemed so sweet and kind, nor had her eye sparkled or her cheek bloomed as now they did at times. "No winter here," said the little boy—"Oh! the new trees, and the ripe oranges, and the flowers, and the smell of them in at this window. What a pity they won't let you sing now, mama. I think you and I would often sing here!" His mother seemed to get well under that new Spanish sky, and Philip's papa was always speaking of what they would do when she got home in spring.

One day when his papa took him for a long walk by the sea shore, she sent for Pedro, the old gardener, and told him to cut a little garden for the child, hid in an orange grove, to be ready on his birthday, two months from that time. The letters of his name were to be sown in it, in bright flowers that would all bloom at once, and it was all to be hid from Philip till the day came. Pedro was to study what flowers would grow of one height too, and when it was all fixed

he was to bring the little parcels of seeds for Philip to play with till each was wanted to be sown.

With much pride old Pedro brought the six bags and the six kinds of seeds with their Spanish names; and he felt still more proud to see the lady take the pains to write the colour of each upon its own bag as he told it her, and to hear that she was to come to sow them with her own hand. When he was going away she said, "You are very kind, Pedro, to my stranger little boy; I wish I could do something to make you happy too! Have you heard of Jesus, Pedro?" "Yes, Señora; he is in our Church by the sea, just over the altar." "And do you pray to him, Pedro?" "Yes, Señora, on the feasts when we go there." "And never besides, Pedro?" "Other days we pray to the Saints and the Madonna." Before Pedro went home that night he had heard, from loving lips, of a living Jesus for the first time in his life, and hid in his pocket a New Testament which the priest must not see, but which one of his sons could read to him.

Great was Philip's joy to have such play-things as the parcels of seeds. In the hot mid-day hours, when he played by his mother's side, he would set them in

all kinds of ways; first make a shop and ask mama to buy, then plant each in a corner, and say they grew, and pull the flowers; then mix them all in a heap and have the play of sorting them—putting each back into its own bag again.

When the first one was wanted for the garden, his mama said, "Philip, lend me this little bag."—"*But they are mine*, mama." "Philip, *lend me* this one." "Why, mama?" and his eyes filled with tears. "Philip, mama never took back any thing she *gave* you, but *lend* me this one. Trust mama, you shall have it again." It cost Philip's mama far more than it did the boy, to come six times over—a few days between each—and rob him of his play-things; but each time she did so, she got a new lesson of faith herself, besides the one she gave him. And the last time she came to him and said, "Philip, *lend* me these;" there was no tear and no question; he only said, "I shall have them all back when mama pleases."

Happy weeks had passed away; the first orange buds were bursting and sending the rich perfume away on every breath, the almond was white with blossoms, and the wild violets spotted the green grass with their purple blue. Philip's mama was on

the balcony, the first time for some days back, with her little boy and his papa. "Will it be snow and rain in England still?" the child asked. "Oh how nice to be here; why must we ever go away? I wish they had not bid you not sing, mama; do it once." "Philip sings for himself and his mama too now," she said gaily; "let dear papa hear the hymn I love best; he does not know it yet." When Philip got to the verse—

> Now to my raptured ear
> Let one sweet song be given;
> Let Jesus cheer me last on earth,
> And greet me first in heaven.

his mama's voice was heard with his once more. His papa stopped them and said, "The sun is all but set, Mary, come in, come in;" and Philip's nurse helped his papa to lift her into the room. "Meet me in heaven, Philip," she said as she lay down. "Meet Jesus now," and her eye fixed on his papa, who never had let her once speak to him of dying. She sank, as Philip thought, to sleep, and he saw her no more. Next morning Pedro sent for the little boy. Dark grief hung over the castle that day, and the old man thought the little heart would be like to break amid

it all. "Where will you take me?" said the weeping child as they got in among the orange trees; "shall we come to mama this way?" It would take too much room to tell all these two mourners did and said that day together. The old man had not only to shew Philip his new garden with the lost seeds all given back, and turned into flowers—sweet-scented flowers that grew blue, red, pink, white, gold, and lilac, each in the form of a letter of his own name,—but also to tell how her own white hand sowed them, and how her tears had fallen the while, and how, at that quiet spot, she had taught and led himself to Jesus. There were many signs made, for Philip did not know Pedro's language so well as *she* had done; but Philip knew all he meant to say, and Pedro shewed him that his sweet mama's hand had sown in his own dark heart the seed of life and love.

It took many knocks at his papa's door before Philip got in. He had not seen him since she died, and when his nurse went for leave, he only said, "Not yet." But Philip got in at last. Before the sun set again, both were seen slowly passing to the heart of the orange grove where Pedro was, and the prayer of her who had passed away was answered. It was from

the old Spaniard's hand that the seed of hope fell into the heart of Philip's noble father.

And at her grave, where all the village met, and the poor Papist crossed himself at the tolling bell, there were three to stand in faith to look beyond the tomb where her body was let down, for they knew that she should rise again. The seed was cast into the earth to die; but what a glorious flower shall bloom there on the resurrection morning!

Found Again.

I gathered honey from the flowers of Time;
Death found it—hid in the frail virgin cell,
And bore it from me. . . . Is it once more mine,
Heaven's hidden manna? . . . There were fruits that fell
From blossoms we called ours;—how sweet their taste,
Ripened beneath the sunshine of our God.
Voices there were—no sooner lov'd than lost,
Like dying music, from my ravish'd heart;
I catch your tones again 'mid this bright host
Of worshippers, and never more we part.

Two kinds of children, and two homes for them on the other side of death. Yet how close they lie here! goat to sheep,—tare to wheat,—husk to grain; how

close! None but He can part them, no other can be quite sure which is which. Only His eye reads the writing over some nursery beds, and under the group of faces hanging on the wall,—these dark words, *One shall be taken and another left.* Jesus is on his way to part them. His fan is in his hand. He did not let it go even on the cross. His fan made it be seen which thief was taken and which thief was left. And He will bring that fan to the floor where the wheat and chaff lie mixed, where the child that loves him, and the child that hates him, grow and work and play, side by side. And His fan will wave, and its wind will search, so that the vile light chaff will fly away, and the wheat will fall all in one shining heap. And while he parts them, *all* will get a sight of Jesus.

Away into the outer darkness your eye will carry, and keep for evermore, one vivid image fixed—the Son of Mary on the throne of God. On, on, and on, in that home of woe, you will think, "He might have been mine, but I thrust away his hand of love." That everlasting regret will be your "worm that dieth not," amid the heat of the fire God's hand has prepared. "*Their* worm dieth not, and *the* fire is not quenched." The fire is God's. The worm will be your own.

How you will mourn as you are forced to confess, "I chose it, instead of the pearl of great price, to lie in my bosom for ever. The choice between the two lasted while life lasted; my will carried it for this worm that never dies. All my days they lay before me to choose, either

THE PRICELESS PEARL,

OR

THE UNDYING WORM,

And I chose this worm that never dies. More than once my hand was stretching out to lift the pearl, but Satan slid in always such sweet sin between my lips, that my hand let go. And, at the last, the pearl shone, whiter than ever, before my dying eye, but my heart only froze to feel the choice was past."

And you, CHILD OF THE KINGDOM, will then be in your Father's house—that vast and happy home where myriads crowd the city. John speaks as if it were fifteen hundred miles long, and wide, and high, up to the summits filled with worshippers, and in the midst our Lamb as it had been slain. You will know all about its true size and glory then, and take

the golden reed from the angel's hand to count the measure of the jasper wall. No man can number the saved who dwell there. It does not add much to any great sight in this world when we get past a certain number of thousands in the crowd. When the crowd meets on a plain the eye takes little of it in. If you sat on the green floor of the Colosseum, whither old Rome used to pour her thousands out to see lion fights, or the gladiator fights of man with man,—and if you looked up, by the galleries that rise all round it, from the grass to the blue sky, you could think better about John's words, "The city lieth four-square, and the length is as large as the breadth. The length and the *height* and the breadth of it are equal." You can fancy, if air were pure enough and the light strong, that an eagle eye could see up through all the street of the great city, away to the harpers on the sea of glass and fire. Each eye could take it all in, and still be resting on the Lamb—our light in the temple of our God.

As to glory,—think what our own poor moon can do when she walks through the dark heavens, and gives a white robe to each cloud that meets her. See the aurora, with her pale northern lights, how she

casts her net-work on the autumn skies, and brightens them till they glow into pink fields of glory. We do not speak of the *sun*, for who ever saw *him* go down in his yellow blaze behind the purple hills, without seeming to see heaven's gate opening? And how fair is the bow he leaves, even on the rain drops, when he goes to hide behind the storm-cloud.

Fritz and Johanna's summer home stood on the greenest slope of a beauteous valley. Half way up a steep ascent it lay, like a nest among the wooded mountains. The valley was lonely. Only one other dwelling could be seen from any point. On the rocks breasting the high hill over against the children's home there was a cottage. It was so placed that its chimney smoke by day, and its window lamp at eve, told them where they were if they wandered on the hills. The bleat of the sheep, the dog's bark, and at times the shepherd's own voice, they could plainly hear. They saw the milk pails carried in, the yarn spread out to whiten, and all the other ongoings at the cottage door.

But the cottage they could not reach. A rushing torrent river lay between them. The boat they tried

to keep there, went to pieces. A quarter of a mile, as the pigeon flew, would carry them from the one window to the other. But to go there and back by the road might be fourteen miles. Fritz and Johanna often sat by the river's brink, and said the autumn ferns of *the other side* were of a brighter yellow; and that the heather, as it caught the last rays of each sunset, seemed redder than their own. Years had passed, yet the journey to *the other side* still lay before them.

The first use of their ponies was to reach it. And this was their first day together, after years apart in other lands. They passed two bridges over two rivers; reapers on all sides, they passed, that clear autumn day. Through woods of fir, and underwood of hazel, juniper, and heath, past the roaring water-fall, they slowly climbed the dangerous road of surpassing, ever-changing beauty. "What a view it will be, brother; how strange to see it only for the first time now!" There stood the old cottage, the rocks above it, the foaming stream far, far below; but the centre beauty of the prospect was, what they had least thought of, *their own home.* Like a single jewel on the bosom of a robe of green it lay alone; every way so changed,

from the new setting in which they now saw it, and yet the same.

The sight caused an overturn of all the old childish fancies. "Have we lived in it so long, and not known that *our* home was the only thing to look at from *the other side?*" they said. Was it a whisper of the guardian Angel about a brief future? Or was it all the solemn thought of a childhood past, and earnest youth begun? The brother and the sister knelt on that sacred spot and prayed. Fritz never was there again. That was the midday of his course. He worked as long again; and died far, far away among the heathen, whose souls he went forth to seek.

How often,—weary of sin and change,—we cast longing looks from home here, to THE NEW HOME on the other side. When we get there, heaven will perhaps seem less strange to us, than the new aspect which earth will wear. Earth with her opportunities—earth with the lost sheep to seek, the bright crown to gain—will spread itself out before us in a new light. Earth giving songs to heaven, earth full of HIS glory, earth with her Bible story, her awful passage-ways to hell and heaven, we shall know all her value then.

XI.

Story of a Child of the Kingdom.

IT was but little that Jessie had time to do for the King, it was but little she said. And still her image comes always first, when the heart would clothe with a form that word CHILD OF THE KINGDOM.

Is the tiny shadow she cast across the pilgrim road meant to guide YOU, my child, to follow her with the ame, even, gladsome pace? Shall YOU be led to love he heathen, with the warm love that made Jessie ways say she would go back to China, to teach the inese children about Jesus?

Your little hand could not write, nor your mind int up the poor, dark souls, that teem, and swarm, all the coasts under China's blazing sun. Old

heads grow giddy as they try to do it; and strong hearts grow faint at that plunge, nearly EVERY MOMENT, —of a soul that never heard of Christ,—into the sea of death from China.

The season of the year when God took little Jessie to himself, has again come round; and the blank to those who loved her remains the same. Many a child has come to the King during these two happy years. To His praise they now live; and from all the corners of the land their voices rise, so blended and so true, that the Church rejoices, and the world hears the sound. Even the men who live and toil for gain alone lay down their work, and look around to ask, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"

Is this a time to grudge some of the singers here to the choir on high? Is it a time to grieve that the sun in glory should draw some drops from the cloud, which flies across our skies, and set them to glisten in the cloud of witnesses? Is it a time to mourn that some doves should swiftly pass their windows here, and rise on silver wing, to seek the tree of life, —to light on the branches that overhang the crystal

river? The new faces which crowd into the kingdom here, should make us willing to spare some to that which is above.

Yet it all seems to work the other way. We only find ourselves saying anew of those we miss, *how* glad would they have been to see what we see now. How well would their voices have caught the chorus of the new songs that belong to these years of jubilee. We forget, sometimes, how they must be sharing in Christ's own joy yonder; while they swell the songs that angels sing, over a world which has taken one step on its way back to God.

The prayer within the vail still prevails over ours, —"Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory!" Missing now from the earthly temple where Eli served and Samuel dreamed, we can see the light from their white robes in the train that fills the heights of Zion hill above.

Does HE who took Jessie wonder that some should stand and watch the spot whence he bore a lily home? He knows that even a child gets such a sweetness by lying a while in his bosom, that when it goes away it must leave its own blank in the garden. The new

flowers are fragrant, yet it is a different perfume; i each soul that gets steeped in that love of his fraught with a savour of Him *just its own.* None c long sing, "I want to be like Jesus," and strive have it so, without getting some line of likeness, faint and small, and yet true, since the Spirit pair it,—of the manifold loveliness that is in Christ. A: that beauty will bloom on, and that fragrance w keep and spread,—entire and distinct in the Ed above, for ever.

And so we come back, and back again, to the qui little spot where Jessie used to be, though it be on to have the eye sent up again to seek her among t great company of the redeeemed.

"All that I saw of Jessie's mama," wrote a m sionary who joined the mission circle in Amc December 21. 1853, "was the cold clay in the dress the grave. Her wasted features were set in the cal placid expression which a blessed hope leaves on t Christian's mortal remains, and which the faith a affection of the living fondly call a smile.

"On Monday I went to the funeral. The place burial is over in the island of Kolong-soo, in whi the missionaries first lived; and in which some

them died. A company of British sailors rowed her remains across the channel. They bore her on their shoulders to her last resting-place, with the national colours for a pall.

"The missionaries followed, with almost all the British residents, and an interesting band of native Christians. Our way wound through ruined houses, and fields laid waste in the war. Thousands of graves were scattered on either side, till we reached a quiet nook, where the lettered stones mark the spot in which precious dust reposes, in the hope of a blessed resurrection. The place of burial seems once to have been an orchard. There, with the few whose bones lie in this land of strangers, far from the graves of their fathers, we laid the body down to rest."

Jessie's mama had herself been a missionary, long before her marriage to a medical missionary. First at home in England, then at the Cape of Good Hope, and last in China, she had served the Master. Her heart vibrated between love to Jesus and pity for those who know him not. And after her marriage, actively while health lasted, and even in weakness, she had ever spread the savour of His name.

The last year had been a trying one. War raged round Amoy. After long fighting the t was taken, and not only had the invalid to lie su ing in a house exposed to the balls of the besieg she had also to be carried out of it, the moment fore it fell, with an awful crash, from the effects furious storm. Nothing shook her trust, and could thus write, September 1st,—"The doctors for me, but I am happy to say my mind is tran about that. I am in the Lord's hands, and to belong the issues from death. I have a desire t with my Saviour, but when I think of my dear l Jessie, left in a wicked world so young, my h melts, and all I can say is, *Let the Lord do seemeth him good.* He cannot but do right. Her are all safe, in the midst of danger, in the hollo his hand;

> "Though destruction's all around us,
> Though the arrows round us fly;
> Angel guards from heaven surround us,
> We are safe since God is nigh."

It was in a shaded room by the sunny sea-shor Amoy, that the bamboo cradle was spread for Jes

first sleep; and since then she had grown up to be a merry little Chinese prattler, in the arms of Boo-a, a native convert, finding no difficulty in that strange language which only infants learn with ease.

The streets in Amoy were too narrow and dirty for children to pass through. Jessie used to go every evening a-boating with her mama, and often across to that island of Kolong-soo, where they could rove in quiet. But now that she had no mama, her old Chinese nurse, Boo-a, took her oftenest to sail along the Amoy harbour, to where the baby sister, Sarah, who was only a few weeks old when their mama died, had found a home under the roof of the kind German missionaries. There was a native girl's school under the same roof, and when Jessie got there, her fat little arms were out at once to clasp the dark Chinese children, so clean, so tidy, and so clever, who were taught there. Jessie was shy of all white faces, and hid from them in Boo-a's breast.

The first time Jessie's papa went out after her mama's death, a Chinese Christian met him and said, "I wish you joy. She whom you love best is now with Jesus." Sometimes he could think so, and see her in glory, by the side of Him they had together

loved; but often all God's waves went over him, ai
he had at last to come home an invalid.

It was in the summer time of 1854, that Boo-a ai
the child sat on the deck of the Hong-Kong steame
which was leaving the harbour for the overland rout
Little Jessie missed her papa, who had gone to re
below, and looking wistfully round, said in Chines
and with its idiom, "The door of the ship is shut, ai
the door of the waters is shut, and Jessie's papa is n
here." Mr Burns, who brought them home, carri
her to the cabin to set her heart at rest. His kin
ness to her was great all her life, and Jessie was
grateful child.

Close by the parlour fire of her grandmama's hou
in Edinburgh, on a cold October night, Boo-a to
the Chinese wrappings from her little charge. Jessi
first words were, "Hó hoe ti Koan á Boo-a!" (pret
flowers in that jug!) and Jessie's chief play was wi
flowers to her little life's end. The white fibres of t
parlour hyacinths were daily watched, and the gre
leaf, and then the buds and blossoms, pink, white, lil
blue,—with their heavy fragrance, were hailed wi
delight. She got from friends a due supply of b
leaves, to freshly trim the red rose, that bloomed all t

twelvemonths round, on the back knot of her nurse's glossy hair. And then the spring-time daisy necklace—the summer green-garter—the autumn rowan-berry chain, the tall foxglove, the blue bells, and the crimson heather pulled with such delight upon the highland moor—and the last summer, the more artistic platting of laurestina chaplets, taught her by a Genevese—such flowers and flower-work were always Jessie's favourite playthings. Nor shall her little grave want the white snowdrops, while some that loved her live.

It was a great treat to watch that nurse and that child. Boo-a would sit with the Chinese hymn-book open in her dark, bony hand; her face—almost grim with gravity at other times—would light up with such a look of laughter, as she tried by signs and broken words to explain that JESUS was the theme of what she read. And on her lap sat the fair-haired, blue-eyed child, with a look that said,

"Chinese is my language too;" her fair neck and arms looking the whiter for the mourning she still wore for her missionary mother.

Boo-a's training left its impress on her little charge while Jessie lived. It was a warm flame of love that burned in the breast of that old Chinese. The gospel was *the one fact* to Boo-a; Jesus *the one person.* She loved to be alone with her God. She once went to spend a day in the country, and after being some time with the family she was lost. Boo-a's name was called through the house, but she did not reply. At last they felt uneasy; till behind a large screen they found her on her knees, wrapt in prayer. After a little she came forth with her face shining, and when told of the search, she gave a loud deep laugh—more of joy than mirth; pointing to the sky, and then to her bosom she made it plain *whose* face she had sought and found

When Boo-a wept at parting with Jessie to retu to China in spring 1855, she was told Jessie mig be back to China yet, and meet her there. "No, n she said, "Boo-a be in Tien-tong (heaven) fir After Boo-a sailed, Jessie lost her papa and her u in China. Tie after tie was broken to the little orp *whom the* Lord had taken up. Jessie felt tha

belonged to Him. One day, when her aunt told her that, if she were naughty, she could not be Christ's lamb—"But I *are* a lamb," was her assured reply. So did a little Chinese convert at Pechuia assert his claim to his Shepherd. His family had believed, and were going to Amoy for baptism. When he was told he was too young for the journey, he said, "But the lambs are easiest carried." And he was taken.

Jessie's sister came from China in autumn. Each of them had been used to be an only child. Jessie was only three and a half, and it was not easy to make her give up to a little sister; but she soon learned this. Jessie went to see a family who had come from China. At the sight of their Chinese nurse, she changed colour. She hid her face again and again, and looked back to the stranger; and then a long, silent fit of weeping let out the childish grief, which some thought of Boo-a must have called forth. She did the same when a Chinese convert came to see her the year after.

At New Year time 1856, she went to pay a visit to a little friend. Amid all her glee and play, she bore even then, more or less, all the marks of a CHILD OF THE KINGDOM. The Bible was her lesson-book of

common life and of the English tongue. From its pages, she first got what she knew of the objects around her. Every thing had been strange to her when she came home. She could not go out for the cold for some time after she arrived. In the glass of the word it was, that the outer world first passed before her eyes. There she found that "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man :—that He may bring forth food out of the earth." And then she would ask, "But how come the potato, the cabbage, the apple, and the gooseberry ?" About the sea, too, before she saw it in Scotland, she read, "The sea is his, and he made it ;" and so, the first time she went to Granton, she said at the sight of it, "The sea is his, and he made it !"

In summer, Jessie was taken to the Highlands. It made her happy to rest from her walks in the cottage of a poor old widow, to stand by her spinning-wheel, and cheer her by singing the hymns the child so loved. In the psalm of praise, when the family were gathered, Jessie's voice was ever the clearest. The ringing tones of her voice as she sang—"He is come, the Christ of God," or "Precious Bible, book divine," seem sometimes to startle us still.

There was a thunder-storm of three days' duration that summer. It made us feel at last as if the clouds were never to be silent again. But Jessie stood with the other children in face of the black heavens, and sung with them, when peals were loud enough to make all tremble—

"Believer, you may well rejoice;
The thunder's loudest strains
Should be to you a welcome voice,
That tells you Jesus reigns."

Jessie had the privilege of being at a school, where many a child has not only learned the lessons of this life, but had the ear and eye opened to the lessons of the great Teacher. She who presides there had long been one of the kindest friends of the dear orphans. Jessie was tall, slender, and graceful, with a peculiar cast of face. Often, while speaking to her of the things and the songs of the Kingdom, these lines seemed to describe her look of response :—

"She came to the Cross when her young cheek was blooming,
And raised to the Lord the bright glance of her eye;
And when o'er its beauty death's darkness was glooming,
The Lord did uphold her, the Saviour was nigh."

Jessie's favourite story, when very young, was "The Little Lamb." The line—

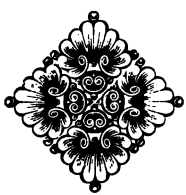
> "Where flowers blow
> And streams flow,"

she loved. So long as the little lamb stayed in its own field, she said she was happy. But as she read on of its wandering—"Now I begin to be sorry." And when the lamb is overtaken by the storm, and falls into the pit, and hears the lion roar—"Now I am very, very sorry, and the water comes into my eyes." Then when the shepherd finds out the lamb is away, Jessie says, "Now I begin to be happy." And as the story goes on, of the good Shepherd, with lantern and crook, following after and finding the little lamb in the pit, and drawing it up, she said, "Oh! now I am happy." And when he lifts up the little lamb, and carries it in his bosom back to the fold, Jessie would say, "I am quite, quite happy now."

Jessie was a merry child. She liked to dress dolls, and had some pretty ones given her. She liked to play at making shops, and put bills in the windows, which were made of the backs of the chairs, of which the seats did for the counter and the goods to be sold. One day, in the midst of her play, she stopped and

said, "Sarah, is your soul hungry?" "Yes." "Come and sing some hymns with me," which they did Down among the toys which they kept in a basket, her aunts found this little note after Jessie died :— "My dear Sarah, I give a text: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Another: 'God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.'"

On a Sabbath day, when they had been left alone, Jessie said on her aunt's return from church, "I have been seeking Christ, and finding him." Sarah said afterwards, "When you were out, Jessie went alone to Christ, and came back and said she was so happy, for she had found Christ."



XII.

Story of a Child of the Kingdom.

(*Continued.*)

HER last visit to the Highlands was in 1858. Would that all children who know Jesus could have seen her, and would try to b like her. She had made progress in every wa She was *promptly obedient.* Not without pains a training had it come; but the strong will was be and she obeyed a look. *Her kindness to other cl dren was constant.* She was sweet, and meek, loving. She could not be with other children, wit leaving good effects behind her. This had com grace; but it came by training too,—anxious, wearied, unsparing training. She gave up her way quickly. How many fail here. Even *you do* give up to a child younger than yours

it done with a good grace? Are you a cheerful giver? Are you a willing lender?

A common saying among the little group met at the time we speak of, was, "What does the old heart say?"—"ME FIRST."

"And what ought *your* new heart to say, Jessie?" she was asked. "Sarah first, and ME LAST," she sweetly answered. But she liked still better to hear this way of it. "Sarah first, and Jessie too." After she died, her aunts found all the little books she owned marked "Jessie's and Sarah's book."

Sweet thoughts about those who had gone to be with Christ were very often in Jessie's mind. Except China and her own home, nothing was so real to her as heaven. Not one thought of sorrow, nor image of sadness, did death bring up before that joyous child, unless the *one* thought of being left behind when others went home.

Jessie was *truthful* in all things. Her aunts were not once aware of its being otherwise. Truth was planted in her heart by Him who can alone put it there. Even when a very little child, her vexed face told at once when she had done wrong. Her grandmama used to say, "That child comes and tells on

herself." She could also be depended on to give a correct, exact account of what had passed, as well as to see that her little sister did what was right. The word *lie* was not used before her. So much did she shrink from the word, that in reading she would change it to, "did not speak the truth." If she had done wrong, she did not rest till she had prayed God to forgive her.

Jessie's heart was much in China. Every penny she got was put into her collecting-box for the Amoy mission. She saw each missionary who went out to Amoy, and sent a little gift for Boo-a. Daily she prayed for the Chinese, and for the friends she had left there. Mr Burns was foremost in her memory and his name came into every prayer of Jessie's "Keep Pihn-sen-si[n.] (his name in Chinese) safe, now when there is war; help him to tell the Chinese about Jesus. Take Boo-a safe home to China from America, and may we all meet in heaven at last."

In March 1859, she got this letter dictated by Boo-a from America, whither she had gone as nurse :—

"My Dear Jessie,—Boo-a wants to know if you are well, and to say her Father in heaven has brought

her safe these six months on the sea from China to America. Boo-a is very old, and her friends bid her not leave her native land. Yet she came, trusting in God, and God has kept her, by answering prayer.

"Do you go to school? Do you learn rapidly? Are you a good girl? Do you love the Lord Jesus?

"Boo-a keeps your letter as a precious treasure. Tell Boo-a about the friends she left in England; most of all tell her about the children. Boo-a has taught little Isabel to lift up her hands to pray.

"Boo-a feels the cold very much. She wants to go home; she wants you to pray every day for her, that she may be kept from all evil; that she may be brought again to her home in China, if it please God; but that in no case may she fail of reaching that which is in heaven. (Signed for) Boo-A."

And this was Jessie's answer—each word her own:—

"MARCH 16. 1859.

"MY DEAR BOO-A,—I am praying for you night and morning. How is little Isabel? You ask if I am a good girl. I am sometimes good. You say, 'Am I learning quickly at school?' Yes, I am learn-

ing quickly, to read, and to spell, and to sew, and to sing; and I am also learning some of the Psalms and many of the texts of the Bible. I know that Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' You ask me if I love the Lord Jesus. Yes, I do; and I often sing these lines—

> 'I love Jesus, Hallelujah!
> I love Jesus; yes, I do.
> I love Jesus; he's my Saviour.
> Jesus smiles, and loves me too!'

"I send a text to you, dear Boo-a, and it is this—'What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.' I sometimes think of this text when it is dark, and I am in bed, and also of, 'Thou God seest me.' I love you very much, dear Boo-a, for having been so kind to me when I was a baby, and for coming all the way from China to Scotland to take care of me. I am now a big girl, seven years of age on the 15th day of this month. Margot and her two little brothers I see almost every day, and walk with them, and often pay them a visit. We sometimes hear of Pihn-sen-sin, and he never forgets us. Sarah is growing a big girl too, and goes to school, and can read and knit. When you go back to China, will you give

Sarah's and my love to all the Chinese people who used to know us, and our papa and mama? We know texts about God being a 'Father to the fatherless,' and that he says, 'I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.' Will you ask the Chinese who love Jesus to pray that Sarah and I may be made good, and may meet them all in heaven, where all those who love Jesus—papa and mama, and grandmama, and uncle Peter, and Margot's two little brothers—are gone before? Sarah and I send you many kisses. Your ever-loving

JESSIE YOUNG."

Some months before her death, she said when she awoke—"I have had such a beautiful dream; it was so beautiful. I dreamed I saw a man sit on that arm-chair, and his face was covered with spots; and while I looked at him, I saw a beautiful Angel, bright and beautiful, stand before the man, and look at him too. And the man looked at the bright Angel, and, as he went on looking, the spots on his face went away, one by one, till he had none. He got all white, and bright and beautiful, like the Angel. 'Oh, yes!'

I thought, 'that is just like the hymn, *Till not a spot remains.*'"

Her aunt wrote, in October 1859, to a little friend of Jessie's, "I must keep the promise I made when I left you, to tell you what Jessie and Sarah are about. I found, when I came home, they could sing,

> I'm not ashamed to own my Lord."

I gave them the text you sent, "God is a Spirit." They have begun,

> "To Him that lov'd the souls of men,
> And wash'd us in his blood."

They are at school again, and very busy. Jessie has some difficulty, as she now gets geography, and the names of the places are difficult for her to remember but I hope it will be easier for her by and by."

But Jessie's work was all over. Before she well knew the bounds of the earth, or could name its mountain chains, or tell its rivers, or count its distance from the brilliant sun, she went away. No uphill tasks nor hard problems were to come to Jessie. God saw they were not needed, and got ready the chariot *that was to* take her HOME.

It was diptheria. Sore to her, sorer to those around her, were these few suffering days. But God kept Jessie entirely patient in it, and led her safely through it, to Jesus whom she loved. When the news came that she was in the grasp of that strange disease, one felt as if one could scarce pray to keep her here. So much more Christ's than ours she had ever seemed, so pure was the mild light of his love that shone around her; why should she not be let away to see HIM as He is? Heaven must have its own; and whosoever's heart may break, she is to be now a CHILD OF THE HIGHER KINGDOM.

"Her life will scarce bear being thus sketched," said one who loved her well. "It interests you and me because we knew what a bright little thing she was, and how unlike others; but a stranger reading this account of her death will think she never said anything but "Yes."

A true epitome of what she was, is that little word "yes." "He that hath received his testimony, hath set to his seal that God is true." Her little life was nothing more than a child's own seal, deeply graven and plainly read, set to the great, everlasting covenant.

"How great the promise, how divine,
To Abram and his seed,
'I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.'
He said, 'Let the wide heaven be spread.'
And heaven was stretched abroad:
Abram, I'll be thy God,' he said,
And he was Abram's God."

The great sun gets its image back as clear from a single drop of water as from the expanse of ocean. The great promise gets no more back from an apostle's affirmation than from a child's AMEN. When a command crossed Jessie's will, she said, "Yes," and kept it. When the Lord said, "Come unto me," Jessie went, saying "Yes." When a little friend said, "Give this up to me," Jessie would have liked to keep what was asked, but she said, "Yes," and gave it. When pain was sent upon her she said, "Yes, Lord!" and bore it. And when at last HE bade her rise and leave all to follow him she said, "Yes," and went.

All so simply did she live, *that* little CHILD OF THE KINGDOM. As one who saw her daily, and could well judge, remarked, "The entireness of her service *kept it out* of notice."

Her illness lasted nearly a fortnight. She suffered much. She had the best medical skill of one who watched her with a father's care and interest. Latterly she could not take food, though she tried to do it to please those around her. Nothing would go over. She enjoyed sweet peace. Her head was almost *seen* to be pillowed on the bosom of the Good Shepherd. Her faith had been at all times simple and childlike. It did not fail her now. She never for one moment doubted His love and power to save. She so often had sung of that, and knew so well about what He did and suffered, and how he died that we might live.

Hymns had ever been her chief delight.—"Oh! how He loves," and "The Happy Land," and many, many others about Jesus, and heaven her home. One day when she seemed better, she lay happily singing the hymn,—

"Pass away earthly Joy
Jesus is mine!
Break every mortal tie.
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness,
Distant the resting-place·
Jesus alone can bless.
Jesus is mine·

Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away—
Jesus is mine!

Fare ye well, dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Mine is a dawning bright,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied—
Jesus is mine!

Farewell mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, ye scenes of rest,
Welcome, ye mansions blest,
Welcome a Saviour's breast—
Jesus is mine!"

It was easy then to direct Jessie's mind heav ward, when they saw she was to be taken. They o *said,* "Jessie, dear, it may not be God's will to n

you well here, but you can trust the good Shepherd who died that you may live in that holy, happy fold, —that place he has gone to prepare for us." "Yes," she said. "You are happy, he knows all you are suffering." "Yes;" she sweetly replied. On Monday there was a decided change for the worse. One said to her, "Jessie, you are going to leave us,—the good Shepherd, JESUS, wants you to go to heaven, will you go?" "Yes," she said. "And you will look out for little Sarah coming when it is God's will to send for her, and for us; will you expect us, Jessie?" "Yes," quite calmly. "You will be where your own papa and mama are, and if you see them you may not know them, but they will know their little Jessie." "Yes," she said, and looked so peaceful and happy. . . . . She was quite sensible to the very last.

Her minister called to see her just before she died. She had been prayed for in church on the Sabbath. Now all hope was over. She knew him and smiled. "Dear Jessie," he said, "are you leaning on Jesus? Are you resting your head on Jesus? He is the Good Shepherd, Jessie; he gathers his lambs with his arms, and carries them in his bosom. He will carry you Jessie safe safe to his heavenly fold.

He is saying, 'Come to me,' in a peculiar way to you, Jessie; 'Come, now.' Ah, you are going where *my Kate* is; you are going to be *with Jesus.* You and I met at Bonskeid, Jessie; it was a beautiful country, and there was a beautiful river. We shall meet next in heaven—*a far finer country*—where there is a far finer river, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. Shall I pray with you once more, Jessie, and ask Jesus, the Good Shepherd, to be with you?" "Yes," Jessie said. Mr B. then prayed, commending dear little Jessie into the arms of the Good Shepherd, praying that she might be washed in his blood and made ready, and that Jesus would be with her in the valley. Concluding with—

"I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.

"I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song."

"Farewell, Jessie."

Soon after, Miss M. came to see her. Jessie asked

for water. "Give it me in the green glass jug, and make it quite full," she said. But while she drank, the spirit fled.

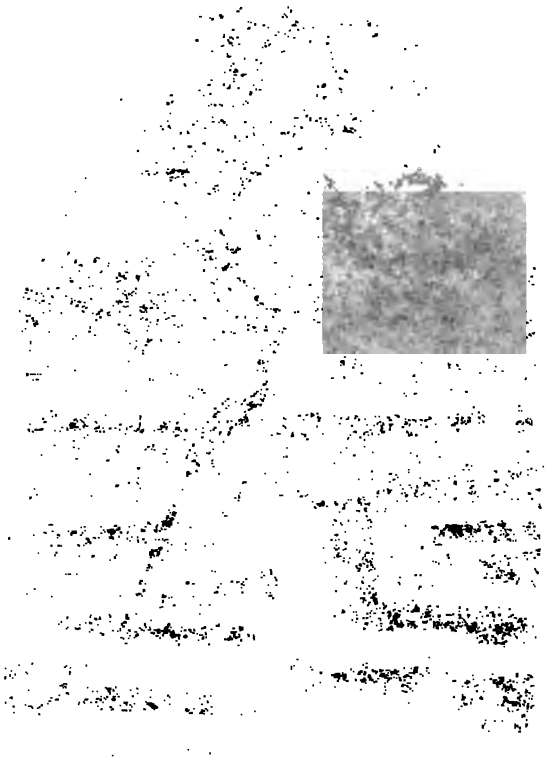
For days she lay like a piece of lovely alabaster; so like to what she was when a little child in Boo-a's arms. Even as all her looks and ways that week brought to mind those of her infancy.

While they carried the body up the broad walk of the beautiful cemetery where Chalmers, Agnew, Hugh Miller, Spiers, and John Mackintosh rest, and where the lamented Cunningham has since been laid,—and as they stopped at her papa's opened grave across the pathway,—the November sun set over it, behind the Pentlands, like a ball of crimson fire.

"Oh! think that while you're weeping here,
Her hand a golden harp is stringing;
And with a voice serene and clear,
Her ransom'd soul, without a tear,
Her Saviour's praise is singing."

October's sun
Is shining down,
Upon the empty fields;
The yellow glory
Passed away,
That crowned so gay
The bank and brae,
Each to the garner yields;
The scythe and reaping-hook laid by
And hush'd the gleaner's merry cry.

A biting breeze
Rifles the trees
Of leaves that still are green;
Cast on the tide,
How swift they glide,
—Now parted wide,
Now side by side,—
To resting-place unseen;
And all the summer birds are gone,
The swallows from the house-eaves flown



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[illegible] [illegible] in the green;

[illegible]

[illegible] glide,

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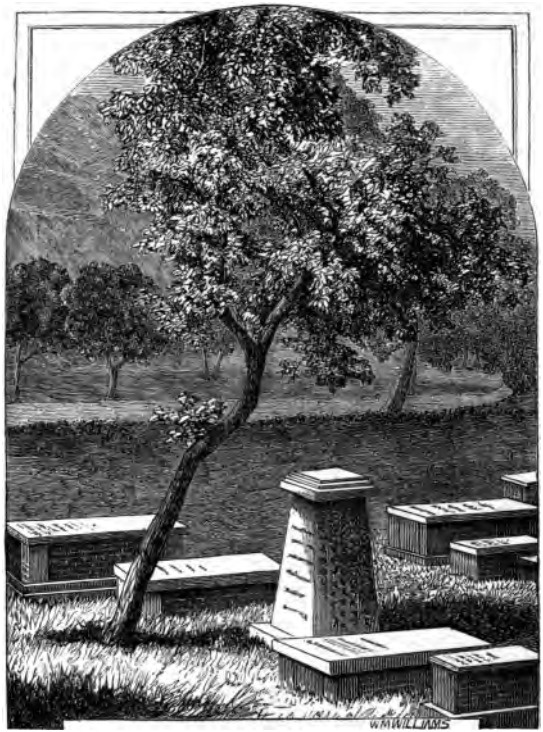
[illegible] side,—

[illegible] unseen;

And all the summer birds [illegible] gay,

[illegible] [illegible] flow,



MISSION BURYING-GROUND AT KOLONG-SOO.

1. Tomb of Jessie's mama. 2. Tomb of David Sandeman, see p. 188.

From gay parterre,
We cull with care
The dahlia's purple bloom.
Ere fall of night,
From chill death-blight,
Each flow'ret bright,
Must hide from sight,
Or lose its *best* perfume.
And still *the children* weep to see
What seems to them done cruelly

What if His hand
Who gave the land
Its early harvest-home,
Be gathering too
His fairest flowers,
To plant anew
In brighter bowers?
To him the right belongs.
Oh! who would weep as children do,
Or dare to call it cruel too?

* * *

Yet none may tell
What darkness fell
On this his blighted home;
To hear from far
That the clear star
Which burned so bright,
O'er China's night,
Had suddenly gone down.
And far and near the whisper crept,
Until the startled city wept.

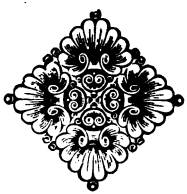
One voice alone,
A widow'd one,
Bids back grief's heavy tide.
Tears she has none.
Her boy is gone,
Up to his Saviour's side.
A car of fire
Has swept the air,
And he is glorified.
And now she never more may lean
On any arm save ONE UNSEEN.

CHINA FOR CHRIST,
COUNT NOT THE PRICE,
'Twas written on his brow;
Even while his hand,
Through his own land,
Lov'd still the seed to sow;
The distant prize
Would ever rise
And whisper, "Let me go."
Did not the flash of his dark eye
Foretell of early victory?

CHINA FOR CHRIST,
COUNT NOT THE PRICE.
'Tis written on his tomb.
Upon the sail that bore him far,
Upon his standard in heaven's war,
Upon the volume in his hand
In cypher strange of Sinim's land,
Upon his heart—where like a shrine—
Affection clasped the love divine;
Upon his soul that kindl'd high
To end the fight triumphantly;

Upon his pallid, stately form
Dark pestilence has seized by storm—
Grav'd with a hieroglyphic pen
In lines of love beyond our ken,
Gleams the device,
CHINA FOR CHRIST,
COUNT NOT THE PRICE. (P. 160.)

OCTOBER 4. 1858.



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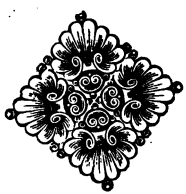

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